THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 704 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 49

THE SONGSTER.

BY E. LEIGHTON.

Overhead in the lattice high
Our little golden songster hung,
Singing, piping merrily,
With dulcet throat and clipping tongue;
Singing from the peep of morning
To the evening's closing eye,
When the sun in blue was burning,
Or when clouds shut out the sky;
Foul or fair, morn, eve or noon,
Its little pipe was still in tune.

Its breast was filled with fairy shells
That gave sweet echo to its note,
And strings of tiny silver bells
Rang with the pulsings of its throat;
Song all through its restless frame,
Its very limbs were warbling strings;
I well believe that music came
E'en from the tippings of its wings;
Piping early, late and long,
Mad with joy and drunk with song,
Oh, welcome to thy little store,
Thy song repays it o'er and o'er.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE gardens were deserted when Fulton Leclere arrested his eager steps beside the beautiful, white-clad woman who stood motionless as she waited for him beneath the Spanish chestnut tree. Already the waltz had begun, and the gay votaries of pleasure had hastened back to the brilliant ball-room; perhaps some of them wore forced smiles, and a mask of gaiety when their hearts were heavy, but few could know the pain, the passion, the unrest that was burning in the girl's heart, the unacknowledged fear and uneasiness in that of the man by her side.

For a few moments they stood side by side in utter silence; something in her face kept him tongue tied, she did not care to speak.

"The waltz has begun," he said, breaking the silence, in a low, almost unsteady tone, as he offered her his arm. "Will you not dance?"

"With you?" she said, in a low tone of concentrated contempt and disdain.

"With me," he rejoined calmly, although his heart beat quickly, and his lips shook slightly under his heavy moustache. "Why not? You promised me this dance."

"Yes, I will give it to you," she replied slowly. "But I will not dance with you—with you"—she repeated, turning towards him, and looking at him from head to foot with ineffable contempt—"with my sister's murderer!"

At the words clearly and distinctly uttered, though spoken in a low voice, he started violently, and drawing back from her looked at her with a startled, horrified glance.

"You are surprised," she went on calmly. "Did you not guess that I knew the truth? Did you not surmise that I had discovered who the Geoffrey Hamilton was who won my sister's love and then, casting it aside like a soiled glove, left her to break her heart and to die?"

"To die!" he repeated, with white, dry lips, his face pale as her own in the soft light.

"Yes, to die! Did you not know," she added slowly, "that Pauline Stanley was dead?"

He tried to answer her, but the words, usually so ready to his glib tongue, would not come; he had made two efforts before he succeeded in answering her.

"I did not know. I heard nothing until this afternoon," he said huskily; "Miss Digby told me then. Neither did I know—how could I?—that she was your sister! If I had——"

He paused, the dry, white lips made speech difficult.

"If you had, you would not have let me know to-day that you were her murderer?" she said scornfully, "I suppose not. You would have let the innocent reap the harvest of the guilty, as he has done hitherto. You would have left Geoffrey Hamilton still to lie under the charge of the foul treachery of which you, and you alone, are guilty! What will he say, think you, when he learns the crime committed in his name?"

He was pale to ghastliness as he looked at her; the shapeless fear which had been upon him since he had read the threatening significance of her regard, was growing into form now, it was becoming palpable and clear as he met her unhappy, scornful, menacing eyes. Pauline Stanley was dead; he knew so much now—but why, why did her sister call him her murderer?

The past rose up before him vividly at that moment; the episode of his love for Pauline, which had seemed a trifling one to him before, and which he had forgotten in his pleasant and varied existence, assumed truer proportions now. He had loved her and won her love, and when he had wearied, as men of his stamp will, of her beauty, of her sweetness, and above all, of her love for him, he had left her without remorse, and with little regret.

He had soon forgotten her, or at best he had given her but a passing recollection, and now it seemed as if his desertion of her had arisen suddenly to confront him, bringing with it shame and sorrow as his portion. Yet it was impossible that—why did this girl call him the murderer of her sister?

"Did you think that such a sin as yours to her should remain unpunished?" Bell said, looking steadily at him as she stood, erect, and beautiful, and menacing, like a statue of vengeance in her white robes. "Did you think that because she had no father, no brother to avenge her wrongs, that you would escape scot-free? If you thought so you were mistaken."

"What wrongs?" he asked stupidly, losing his self-possession and hardly knowing what he said.

"Can you ask? Have you forgotten? It is quite possible that you have," she replied bitterly. "To you, and such as you, a woman's heart broken, her life ruined, may seem trifles which are beneath remembrance, but——"

She paused; the boquet she had been holding fell from her fingers and lay, a fragrant heap of pure white blossoms, at her feet as she pressed her two small trembling hands to her heavily throbbing heart; then she gathered up her strength again and continued:

"But I have not forgotten. I never shall forget! What have I lived for since her death but for revenge on the man who killed her? And now, after those long years of weariness and sorrow, the vengeance for which I have waited is within my grasp."

"I do not understand," he stammered. "What is the meaning of these strange threats, Miss Hamilton?"

"Do you not know?" she asked, with a little, low, bitter laugh. "Oh, you will find out before very long, and then you will understand without much difficulty and without the need of any further explanation."

She paused a moment as if collecting her thoughts. The flowers at her feet sent forth a strong, sweet fragrance on the soft night air. The diamonds round her throat flashed and gleamed in the soft light. The filmy folds of the white lace which was wrapped around her, gave a dim, ghostly look to the slender figure, outlined, as it was, against the dark background of the Spanish chestnut tree.

"You have not forgotten the day, two years ago, when we travelled together for a short distance," she said calmly. "I remembered it to-night—I had forgotten it before. There was so much to make me forget it, so little to make me remember it; and yet, if I had only known—if I had only known that you were leaving Devonshire, having won my sister's love for pastime and then rejected it, I think I should have found strength to avenge her even then. She was waiting for me at Chagford Station, smiling, and beautiful, and happy! She was all I had in the world to love—sister, mother, friend, she had been all these to me, and I wanted none other when I had her! She had seemed well, and strong, and happy as we drove home together—together for the last time—for the last time! How happy I was!" she continued passionately, clasping the little gloved hands tightly in her earnestness; "how happy I was! And she, too, was happy—very happy, she told me—so happy, she said, that it was no wonder she looked well! She had something to tell me also, she said—something so good and nice! She never told it me, poor broken heart! although I learnt it from her own dying lips!"

A slight, inarticulate sound broke from the lips of the man beside her. Bell glanced at him quickly. He was very pale, and his fingers grasped the back of the garden seat before him with so strong and nervous a grip, that, had it not been of iron, it must have broken beneath the pressure.

The scorn in the girl's eyes deepened; her lips took a closer, more pitiless fold. She was glad that he suffered. What was his suffering to hers—what was his suffering to Pauline's?

"She left me with those words upon her lips," she went on, "'I am so happy that it is no wonder that I look well,' and when, half-an-hour later, I went down-stairs in search of her, I found her—I found her"—the low, stern voice died into a whisper—"I found her dying!"

"Dying!" he echoed voicelessly, for though his lips formed the word, no sound broke the stillness which followed upon her words.

"I thought at first that the heat—you remember that it was a hot day?—had overcome her, and that she was faint," Bell went on, in her same tuneless, muffled voice from which all sweetness and music had fled; "but when I went to her side and raised her, I knew that her suffering had some other cause than illness of body. She could not speak to me at first, but when I wanted to call for assistance she prayed me not. 'Let no one but you look upon my misery,' she moaned; 'I have been stabbed, Bell—stabbed to the heart'!"

Again the inarticulate sound—half exclamation, half moan—broke from Fulton Leclere. There were drops of perspiration standing like beads upon his forehead; all his careless indifference had vanished now.

"For a while she seemed stunned and passive, then, suddenly recollection came to her; she tore herself from my arms, snatched up a letter which had fallen on the floor beside her, and began pacing the room wildly and fiercely, like one suddenly seized with madness, holding the letter to her heart all the time, until her strength failed her, and she sank down from sheer exhaustion. When the doctor came he told us—what we knew already, I think—that she was dying, that she had had some terrible shock from which she could not rally; 'her heart was not strong,' he said, 'but with care, and freedom from trouble, she might have lived to be an old woman.' At first I could think of nothing to account for her illness, but suddenly I remembered the letter."

She paused abruptly. Hitherto she had kept her eyes averted from his face, but now she slowly turned them upon him; his were fixed on her, although his head drooped, with an expression of affright, almost of horror. She returned his glance steadily as she continued:

"It was a letter signed 'Geoffrey Hamilton,'" she said slowly; "not a long letter, although it said a good deal. It was a gentlemanly letter, well expressed, perfectly civil; but it killed my sister!"

"No, no!" he muttered, almost unconsciously.

"It killed her," she repeated, in a tone so icy cold that a sense of physical chill ran through him, as if he had felt a wintry blast. "I need not tell you what it said; unless your memory fails you, you will remember, since you wrote the letter, although you signed it it with your friend's name. It is always safer to be a traitor under an assumed name than under your own. And you were more than a traitor, you were a murderer, for that letter, written by you, killed her!"

"No, no!" he muttered again, holding out one shaking hand in a gesture of entreaty. "It cannot be—it is not possible!"

"It killed her," she repeated, in the same chill, stern voice. "All that night we watched her; all that night she lay moaning her life away. At dawn she died, and we who loved her were thankful when we knew the agony was over. You may guess how she suffered from that!"

"It is not true!" he said, almost wildly, putting his hands to his temples, and pushing back the fair wavy hair with an unconscious gesture. "You are jesting, are you not? She was young and strong; it—it could not have killed her."

There was a tone of horror in his voice as he spoke. Bell's eyes rested on him with the same ineffable contempt.

"Before her agony ceased she spoke of—nay, spoke to—you!" she said hoarsely.

Strong as her self-command was, it was failing a little under this long and terrible strain.

"She thought you were beside her because—because I had called her 'my darling,' and she associated the words with you. She thought she was in the woods with you; she recalled the song you sang to her sometimes—the song you sang this afternoon—and she whispered with dying lips, that your love was her life; that if you left her she would die!"

"Hush! for pity's sake!" he muttered hoarsely. "I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!"

"I bore the sight," she replied drearily; "you may well bear the recital! Just before she died she remembered all! She stood up with a great cry of 'The letter! He never loved me! He has left me!' then fell back. She only spoke once more; she whispered, 'Stabbed to the heart!' and then her agony ended and peace came!"

If he suffered as he heard, she who uttered the words suffered yet more cruelly in their utterance. The wound, roughly torn open, was bleeding afresh, drawing the color from her lips, the light from her eyes.

She bore herself proudly still, standing erect in her shimmering satin robes, yet before her eyes the soft light and bright hues of the Chinese lanterns, the foliage on the trees and shrubs were all mingled in one strange, confused mass; her eyes were dim, her lips white and set, and all her frame shrank and trembled, as it were, at the contact with her sister's betrayer, who stood there motionless, with bowed head sunken on his breast, with eyes dim also, and seeing only the picture her words had

conjured up: of Pauline Stanley in her radiant loveliness, lying cold and still in death, with the morning light upon her face.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE dance music which had been growing softer during the last few minutes, burst out with a loud crashing noise; then died away to silence. The waltz was over; in a few minutes more the deserted alleys of the garden would be invaded by a score of gay couples seeking coolness and solitude.

The sudden stillness seemed to recall Miss Hamilton from the reverie into which she had fallen, she shivered a little, and mechanically stooped and raised the bouquet she had let fall at her feet; her movement roused Leclerc, he raised his head, looking about him vacantly, with a strange sense of confusion and distress, as if hardly conscious where he was; he was still lividly pale, and his hand shook like a leaf.

"I must see you again. I must explain," he muttered feverishly. "Let me come to you in the morning?"

A slight disdainful smile crossed her lips.

"Explain!" she echoed. "What explanation can you give? I think myself there is none needed. I have made one mistake, I will not make another. If the innocent has suffered for the guilty, he shall suffer no longer, and——"

"What do you mean?" he asked huskily. "How has Geoffrey Hamilton suffered for my sin?"

She was silent. The question had startled her, and recalled to her what she had forgotten for the moment in the passionate pain of her reminiscences.

"He would have suffered!" she said rapidly. "He has suffered! He lost the wealth which should have been his, because Mrs. Hamilton believed him guilty of the crime which was yours only. It shall be his again. It is well that I have learned the truth in time to make restitution! I had begun to doubt before," she continued passionately. "He seemed good and true and gentle; he seemed incapable of the base treachery of which I tried to believe him guilty, and this afternoon I knew the truth, and that I had been terribly mistaken!"

She paused; her breath came more quickly, her pale lips were quivering; speech was difficult to her because her heart was beating so heavily.

"When I saw the picture," she went on, "I knew the truth. You—not he—are the man whose cruel letter stabbed her to the heart as surely as if you had plunged a dagger there! You—not he—are the man calling himself Geoffrey Hamilton who won her love and then broke her heart!"

"How do you know?" he said, in the same hoarse voice. "You cannot be sure. I may have seen her."

"It is too late!" she replied sorrowfully. "Even had I no other proof save her portrait painted by you, I should have known that you were guilty by your eyes when they met mine to-night. When you heard that my name was Stanley you guessed the truth, and you were afraid!"

"Afraid!" he echoed, lifting his head suddenly.

His pride, stung by the scornful epithet, gave him courage to face her for a moment.

"Afraid? Yes!" she said haughtily, flashing her dark eyes upon him in the soft light of the lamps which burned among the trees. "What will Geoffrey Hamilton say, think you, when he reads the letters written in his name which you indited to my sister? He will recognize the handwriting, if I did not—how could I, since I had never seen either his or yours?"

She paused again, as if to emphasize her next words, and looked steadily at him.

"What will Miss Bradley say, do you suppose, when she, too, knows the truth? When she knows that her fiancee, her intended husband, is a forger, a traitor, aye, and a murderer? Will she be willing to bestow her wealth upon you then?"

She laughed a little as she spoke—a bitter, scornful, triumphant laugh, that jarred horribly upon his ears and her own. A silence succeeded the strange, harsh sound of her laughter, which was usually as clear and sweet as a silver bell.

Some of the dancers were strolling about the gardens now, but although one or two glanced curiously and significantly at the two figures under the chestnut tree, their tete-a-tete remained unbroken.

"You will not tell her?" Fulton Leclerc said, in a low tone which was almost entreating. "You will not tell Cecilia? What good could it do now?"

"It would save her from the toils of a fortune-hunter, if it did nothing more," she replied, laughing again with that same mocking, unmusical laughter. "And it would deprive you of the thousands you hope, through her, to obtain."

"She would not believe you," he muttered sullenly.

"Would she not? I think she would when I produce the letters and tell her all the story!" Bell replied calmly.

"And if she did believe you," he said desperately, seeing that the wealth which had seemed so surely his was melting away before he touched it, "what good will it do? Will it bring your sister back to life? Do you think that I am not sorry for the wrong I did her? But our love was madness, you know, and——"

"Why was it madness?" she asked coldly. "She was your equal in every way; you are not a poor man, you might have made her a happy wife—but you preferred to send her to her death. Do you know," —she leaned towards him as she spoke slowly in the clear, ice-cold, passionless tones which sounded so strangely from her lips, as she stood there in her pale beauty, with the shimmer of satin, the soft film of lace, the glitter of diamonds about her—"what kept me from madness or death when she died? It was the hope of living for this moment!—for the revenge which, sooner or later, was bound to come to my hand! I said that if I lived, I would avenge her; and now that vengeance is within my grasp, do you think I will forego it? No! As you have sown, so must you reap!—you must gather the harvest, and eat the fruit of your baseness! If it tastes bitter to you, you must not blame me, but yourself!"

Again there was silence between them, the man was as pale as death, his heart full of anger, and remorse and pain; the woman looking back into that past which was so full of bitterness for her, had forgotten for a brief moment all but its anguish and unrest.

"Do you know what my life has been since that day on which you and I first met?" she said, breaking the silence abruptly. "I was a girl then, happy and free from care, looking forward to a future of happiness and love with her. I had never known sorrow; my life had been full of good things, of which she was the best, and truest and dearest. All my hopes and wishes and desires were centered on her, and when she died—when you killed her—life, so far as happiness was concerned, was over for me! It was as if from sunlight I had been plunged forever into darkness, and the only glimmer of light was the hope of vengeance on her murderer! I went home a child," she concluded, brokenly, with a passionate pathos in her low voice; "in a few hours I was a lonely, broken-hearted woman!

"And that is not all," she went on after a moment's breathless pause; "I have not only her death to avenge, but the misery of these last and most miserable years! Do you think it is nothing to have all the fairest years of life blighted, and marred and overshadowed? Do you think it is nothing to make others suffer for the things of which they are not guilty? Nothing, to have every hour, every joy tainted, by shame, and sorrow, and suffering? Nothing to have sleepless nights, and sorrowful days, haunted by the spectre of the past, and those terrible words 'what might have been'?"

Her low, passionate voice trembled on the air, and then died away to silence; the dance music had begun again; in the gardens a few of Mrs. Bruce's guests lingered still, mostly young couples absorbed in each other and careless of all else.

The silence under the chestnut tree lasted longer this time. Bell had sank down into one of the wicker chairs; her strength had failed her after the long strain upon it; she was white as her gown, the flowers hung loosely in her clasp, the long shining folds of her gown lay upon the green sward, her eyes stared vacantly before her, at the moment the present was forgotten, she was living in the past.

Fulton Leclerc, too, was living in the past, living over again those sunny summer days spent with Pauline Stanley under the full leaved trees. He recalled her radiant beauty, the loveliness, at once so proud and delicate, which he had never seen surpassed since then.

He had loved her coldly and selfishly, perhaps, but as well as it was possible for him to love, and he had heard the sorrowful story of her anguish and death agony with remorse as deep, and pain as acute as it was possible for him to feel.

It had shocked him know that the woman from whom he had parted one day in the glory of her youth and beauty, should twenty-four hours later, be stricken down by the hand of Death; but shocked, grieved and remorseful as he was, he could still think of his own loss of Miss Bradley should she know the truth. She loved him, truly, but she was a woman sensitive and upright. She would not forgive; at any rate, she would not overlook such conduct as his.

"I have sinned passed all forgiveness," he murmured, bending his tall head over the drooping figure of the silent girl, "therefore I cannot ask for pardon, it would be useless. That I am sorry, with a great sorrow, penitent, with a deep repentence, will avail nothing. I sinned greatly and for that sin I must suffer. Do you think that it cost me nothing to leave your sister? Can you think so when you recall her loveliness, her sweetness, her purity? I loved," his voice shook a little as he went on, "and if I left her, it was because I thought it best, best for her as well as for me! You say that I am not a poor man, but I am poor. I am deeply in debt; I have luxurious tastes and habits which I have always gratified. If I had married Pauline, beautiful and good as she was, and much as I loved her, we should not have been happy! I should have regretted my lost position in the world, and——"

"Lost through marrying her!" Bell interpolated passionately.

"Yes," he replied hurriedly. "Do you not understand, have you not learned since you yourself entered the great world of fashion, how a man like me loses position by marriage, unless marriage gives him higher social status and increased wealth? What is an income like mine to keep up an establishment, however modest, in a city like this? Of course I have my profession, but it is one in which a favored few win largely, and the rest gain nothing. I left Pauline, because I loved her too well to see her heart destroyed, her life wasted, as the household drudge to which a poor man's wife degenerates."

Her lip curled scornfully, her eyes flashed as she looked at him.

"And for such reasons as these—I wonder you are not ashamed to give them!—you broke my sister's heart," she said very bitterly; "and having done so, you expect me to forgive you. Not only are they puerile, but they are false! You intended to deceive her from the beginning since you gave her a false name."

"No, on my honor!" he exclaimed eagerly, reddening to his temples at the little scornful, mocking laugh with which she greeted his words. "It was an accident. Hamilton and I had been travelling together; he had left me a few days previously, but I was using one of his cards; his name was upon it, and when we met in the woods, Pauline, poor child, took it for granted that it was mine. I did not undeceive her, that was all."

"I understand," she answered scornfully, with an intonation of such keen, merciless scorn, that once more he flushed to the roots of his fair hair. "That was all, but it was enough to make the innocent suffer for the guilty, and to make Geoffrey Hamilton lose the wealth which should have been his. What do you take me for?" she added, rising to her feet and facing him in all the pride of her haughty and imperial beauty, enhanced by her rich robes and flashing gems. "Do you suppose me weak enough to forego such slight vengeance as is possible to me now at the very moment when, after two years patient waiting, it is within my grasp? Do you suppose that you are to escape all chastisement?

"If I had known the truth before now, I might have punished you more fitly! I might have dazzled you with the bait of my riches—they are as great as Miss Bradley's—and perhaps charmed you with my beauty, and having won you from her, I might have spurned your love as you spurned hers, and given you a smiling dismissal, saying it was best for both of us! But since I did not know, since all I can do is to open Miss Bradley's eyes to the real nature, the greed, the falsehood, the baseness of the man to whom she is about to confide herself and her thousand, I will tell her all the truth, and, inadequate as your punishment will be to your offence, or rather to your crime, at least you shall suffer in some measure at the loss of the wealth on which you set so great a store?"

He inclined his head in silence; shame-stricken as he was, feeling keenly the threat she avowed so frankly, maddened at the thought of lost riches, and the honor and consideration they would have brought with them, he yet had sufficient self-control to bear himself with something like dignity. Glancing at him at that moment, Bell thought she could guess the charm he had had for her sister.

In the silence which ensued, she turned from him, and moved a step or two away: she was weak, and faint, and trembling, but she would have died rather than have let him see her weakness. As she turned, his voice arrested her steps.

"One moment," he said, in a low tone that was somewhat unsteady, and by no means without pathos. "You have spoken more than once during this last miserable half hour, of the innocent suffering for the guilty! Have you thought that if you persist in your intention, yet another innocent person will suffer for my guilt?"

She turned her head, looking at him over her shoulder, with startled, questioning eyes.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a faint, breathless tone.

"Only this," he replied, in the same low, moved tones in which he had already spoken; "that if Geoffrey Hamilton suffered for my sin, that suffering can be atoned for; nay, it will be atoned for, since you say that you will atone, that you will make restitution for the wrong which he has suffered; but the suffering you propose to inflict now can never be atoned for, and the punishment will fall far more heavily on the innocent than on the guilty."

"How?" she asked.

She was too faint and dazed and bewildered to guess at his meaning; at another moment she would have been too quick of perception not to know it—not to have divined it even more quickly than he did himself.

"Do you not know?" he asked quietly. "It is true that I shall lose Miss Bradley's fortune, and that to a certain degree I shall suffer in that loss, but that will be all. My life will not be ruined, my future happiness will not be blighted. I do not love her. A man never really loves twice in a life time, and I loved your sister, although I left her. But she loves me! And although my suffering will be slight, here—poor Cecil's—will be great. She loves me, and if you are right in saying that she will give me up, it will break her heart to do so!"

She stood silent and motionless, still looking over her shoulder, with great, shining eyes gleaming, like stars, in her colorless face. Her lips were parted like those of a person in physical pain; her breath was coming in gasps.

"If it will give you pleasure that she, too, should suffer as you tell me Pauline suffered, go to her to-morrow afternoon, and tell her the truth," he pursued seeing the advantage he had gained, but not letting her see he was aware of it. "It will not kill her; she is a stronger woman than Pauline; and her heart is healthy; but it will destroy life for her."

"It will not kill her!" she repeated dumbly with white lips. "It will not kill her!"

"Now you understand," he went on in low, pathetic tones, "what I mean when I say that the innocent will suffer for the guilty. She has done you no wrong, and she will suffer an agony as great—for she loves me—as Pauline suffered."

"As Pauline suffered!" the girl repeated in the same voiceless manner, while her face looked like the face of the dead in its pallor and immobility, with its fixed staring eyes.

He waited a moment to let the thought sink into her heart. As it did, with a pang of which he knew little, he went on—"

"She has never wronged you, nor Pauline. Even my regard for her is too unlike the love I felt for your sister to bear comparison; but, as I said she loves me, and she will suffer. Will breaking another heart innocent of all wrong to her, restore Pauline to you? Will destroying another life give her back to you?"

He saw her face change as he looked at her. The flowers she held fell from her hands; the rigid, frozen look faded slowly, giving way to an expression of terrible anguish. She turned towards him tottering with a strange pathetic movement, like one suddenly stricken with blindness.

"Where—where is it?" she murmured faintly, as she groped for the chair from which she had arisen but a few minutes before.

She had a strange feeling that the ground was crumbling beneath her feet, and the starlit sky descending upon her head; but as he took her hand to put her into a seat she started, and snatched it from him with a little cry of pain, while it seemed as if his touch dispersed the sudden weakness, for she faced him proudly and defiantly with angry eyes and parted lips.

As they stood thus motionless in the fragrant, softly-lighted garden, Alick Holt, coming down the pathway, saw them, and startled by the girl's intense pallor, and the look of horror in her great dark eyes, hurried forward to her side.

"What is it?" he exclaimed softly. "Miss Hamilton, what——"

But at the sound of his voice, uncon-

sciously tender and full of protection as it was, the girl turned to him with a faint cry of joy, and caught at his arm with her little trembling hands.

"Alick," she said wildly, although her voice was scarcely above a whisper, as she looked up into his grave, tender face with dim eyes and failing vision. "Oh, Alick, take me home, take me home!"

She was quite unconscious that she had called him by his christian name, unconscious of the inference Leclerc might draw from her manner, and from the tender protection in his as he drew her hand through his arm, gathering the soft laces about her throat to protect her from the night air; but it seemed to her as they moved away from Leclerc, that she went from a poisoned atmosphere into a purer air in which she could breathe more easily.

She did not speak as they walked slowly on, but her hand tightened its clasp of the young lawyer's arm, as if in a mute appeal for help, and his heart ached with a great pity for the pain upon her face.

He led her through the conservatories into the inner hall of the house, and sent a servant to call her carriage, and while they waited for it, Geoffrey Hamilton came hurrying up, his face eager and reproachful.

"You said I might come to you again," he began; then, as he perceived the pallor and the anguish of the lovely face, his voice changed. "What is it?—you are ill?" he exclaimed anxiously. "You have been doing too much."

She turned her sad eyes to his face for a moment.

"Yes," she answered faintly; "I have been doing too much! Come to me to-morrow; no, not to-morrow—the day after, and forgive——"

Her voice died away, her lips were white and quivering. Hardly less pale than herself, Geoffrey Hamilton, looked from her face to Alick Holt's in quick, jealous questioning, but he could read nothing on either but the deepest sadness and pain.

"What is it?" What has happened?" he repeated hurriedly, bending over her anxiously.

Her white lips parted a little, but no words came from them, and her eyes moved with a pathetic appeal in their depths to Alick Holt's troubled face; he immediately answered their appeal.

"Miss Hamilton is tired and suffering," he said earnestly. "I am sure you will see that she is unfit for any further agitation or excitement! Spare her to-night, I beg of you!"

"No one can be more anxious for Miss Hamilton's comfort or happiness than I am," Geoff began hurriedly and hotly. "There is no need for your interference, Mr. Holt."

"You are scarcely proving that anxiety," Alick said quietly and significantly, and the tone in which he spoke rather than the words stilled the young artist's rising anger and jealous pain.

Before he could speak, however, a footman approached announcing Bell's carriage.

The girl rose feebly and put her hand through Alick's arm; she was too overwrought to heed much of what was passing around her, and was turning away without a word to Geoffrey, when she recollected herself and turned to him with a faint smile.

"Come to me on Saturday," she said faintly; "you will forgive me then."

He bowed in silence, too much impressed by the look of agony in her eyes to speak, and the next moment she was gone.

In silence Alick Holt put her into the carriage, but as he drew back she caught his hand.

"You said once if I needed a friend you would come to me," she whispered. "I never needed a friend so greatly as I do now! Come with me, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you wish to withdraw your words."

He looked at her in silence, with a sudden, swift reproach in his sad, dark eyes; then entering the carriage he sat down opposite to her.

Bell sank back on the cushions, with a low sigh of relief, the footman closed the door, and the swift horses bore them rapidly through the deserted starlit streets.

If the old butler, who had grown grey in Mrs. Hamilton's service, had not been so perfectly trained a servant, he must have evinced some slight signs of the surprise he must certainly have felt, when he admitted his young mistress and Mr. Holt: but astonished as he was, there was no gleam of surprise upon his placid countenance. He took Mr. Holt's hat from him with perfect courtesy, and led the way to Bell's pretty sitting room, as if such a late or rather early visitor were quite an ordinary occurrence, and closed the door carefully and noiselessly after them.

The lamps were burning in the pretty little room, but they were turned down low, and gave but a faint, soft light. As Bell entered, she hurriedly tore away the folds of the lace shawl which had been wrapped about her, as if they stifled her, and going to a side-table, poured out a glass of iced-water, draining it thirstily.

Alick watched her anxiously as she stood, her long white draperies gleaming ghost-like in the soft, faint light, her face colorless as her gown.

He himself was stirred and agitated almost beyond a semblance of composure, but he controlled himself sternly, dreading any agitaion for her.

It was the first time they had been alone since that interview in the library, when he had confessed his love for her. He wondered, as he waited for her to speak, if she remembered that confession now, and the bitter words she had spoken before they parted.

She remembered those bitter words but too well as she let her eyes meet his, and the next moment she was holding out both her little, trembling hands to him with a broken cry for help and forgiveness.

"Oh! forgive me!" she said brokenly. "Forgive me, and help me now. Tell me in pity—tell me what I am to do?"

The words broke from her pale lips almost unconsciously. Her eyes were looking upward into his with an agony of appeal and entreaty in their depths. The diamonds about her throat trembled with her hurried breathing. She looked so lost, so distraught, and withal so beautiful that Alick Holt could hardly refrain from catching her in his arms and hiding the anguished face upon the heart which loved her so truly.

"Oh, help me!" she said again, piteously. "Even if you hate me and despise me as I deserve, help me now!"

He caught her hands in his, and bowed his head over them. In the silence which followed, he wondered whether she could hear the loud throbbings of his heart. And upon their agitated, haggard faces Pauline's beautiful eyes looked down from their frame, almost as if she felt for and pitied the suffering from which she herself was for ever set free.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE silence, which really lasted but for a minute or two, seemed to Bell an interminable one. In the intense agitation from which she suffered, seconds seemed like hours, minutes like days, and the stillness was like the stillness of death.

Alick, holding her hands closely in his, let them tremble and grow dead cold, and he put her gently into a chair before he attempted to break the silence which seemed so ominous to her.

"Of course I will help you," he replied, trying to speak calmly, and succeeding, for his love for the unhappy girl was great enough to enable him to put self aside entirely where she was concerned. "Tell me what I can do for you, Miss Hamilton."

"Do not call me by that name," she said, with a shudder; "it is not mine. I had no right to it; you know I had not—I know that now! My sin which was so terrible to you that you would have liked to place the world between yourself and the sinner, is greater, deeper, viler even than you think. Help me—oh, be merciful and help me!—to undo it so far as it is possible, without implicating the kind old friend who sinned for me. If the punishment can fall upon me alone, I am ready, I am more than ready to bear it; in its most severe form it could not make me suffer more cruelly than I have done since I knew the truth!"

"The truth?" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes," she replied passionately, "the truth, the most bitter truth! You thought my sin terrible! It was terrible—a hundred times more so than you supposed, since it punished an innocent man for that which he had never done! It made the guiltless suffer, while the guilty went free!"

There was a small table near the chair in which she sat, and, with a low cry, she threw her arms outstretched upon it, and bowed her head upon them. Her whole attitude expressed the deepest self-abasement and shame, and the young man's heart ached for her as it had never ached for any woman before.

He turned away from her as she lay there, her arms, flung out upon the table, lay white as marble against the deep red plush of the table-cover. Her beautiful face was hidden; her head, usually held so proudly, was bowed in deepest penitence and shame.

He could not bear the sight without such suffering as her own scarcely surpassed; as he moved from her side she lifted her head, and a little low cry of keenest anguish broke from her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed bitterly; "even you turn from me?"

He swung round swiftly.

"Bell!" he said, with tenderest reproach and love making his voice tremble. "Can you think so, even for a moment?"

"Ah, forgive me!" she said faintly, reading the pained love in the dark eyes which met her own. "I hurt you, as I hurt everyone who——" she paused, a sudden faint flush rising in her face, but fading immediately, as she recovered from her momentary embarrassment, and went on: "everyone who has the misfortune to be kind to me."

"You need not have paused," he said, with a faint, sorrowful smile parting his lips under his dark moustache. "You were going to say 'who love me,' and I am one of them. I love you with the one love of my life."

"Ah, no, no!" she answerered wistfully, yet with a sudden joyful throb of her heart. "Do not say so; you will——"

"We need not discuss that," he said gently. "Tell me, if you can, how I can help you. I can be your friend, if a nearer title is denied me."

"I think no one can help me," she said feebly, as she lifted herself from the table with a long, low, despairing sigh. "But, perhaps you can advise me what is best!—how can I atone for the—the sin I committed?"

He looked at her suddenly. The color rose again faintly and transiently in her face.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone, "what you suspected, what you would not put into words, is; but I only am guilty, Dorcas is innocent of all save obedience to me, her mistress. You quite understand that," she went on eagerly. You believe me, do you not? Dorcas is quite innocent. Ah! however little reason you may have for believing my word, you may believe me in this. Dorcas is absolutely innocent of any real sin, an the weight of mine, which she has shared, poor soul, is killing her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRIMITIVE MAN AND HIS DIET.—Primitive man, wherever he was first-cast, whether in one centre or in more than one, must, of necessity have found his food in the plant world.

We cannot imagine him commencing his career learned in the art of hunting, killing and cooking the lower animals for food. Many infer from this circumstance that the argument in favor of the vegetarian practice is copied direct from nature, signed and delivered by her.

Not quite so fast. There is one interposing barrier to the free acceptance of vegetarian deed and act of conveyance of food from nature to man.

Nature, herself of her own right royal will, makes for animals, herbivorous and carnivorous, one distinctive animal food; a secretion from the living animal organism, a fluid which is a standard food—meat and drink in one—the fluid known under the name of milk.

Against absolute vegetarianism, then, we may fairly set up one exception derived from nature as the unerring guide.

On observing the habits of animals we discover another natural fact. We find animals of quite different natures, in respect to primitive selection of food, possess the power of changing their modes of feeding and of passing over as it were, from one class to another.

This change is distinct but limited, and we must accept it with all its extension on the one side and with all its limitation on the other.

The fruit-eating ape can be taught under privation to subsist on animal diet; a dog can, I believe, be taught to subsist on vegetable diet. But it would be as impossible to teach a sheep to eat flesh as it would be to make a lion feed on grass.

EXERCISE.—An instructor in athletics who most heartily recommends them, especially to those of sedentary occupations, gives this warning: "I would especially have amateurs remember that there is danger in emulating professionals. Professional athletes have no other demand upon their vital power than that made by their specialty, whereas amateurs have, or should have, other calls on their vitality, arising from their occupation in life, intellectual or whatever else it may be. If amateurs will insist upon doing the work of professionals and their own work besides, they must expect to suffer. They should never lose sight of the fact that in their case athletic training should hold a necessary but subordinate place.

Bric-a-Brac.

RESPECT.—The Todas, a native tribe of the Neilgherry hills, in India, show respect by raising the open right hand to the face, and resting the thumb on the bridge of the nose.

CHARITY AND THE BABY.—In Wurzen, a Slav village on the borders of Carniola, whenever there is a baptism, the nurse, on leaving the house for the church, takes a loaf of bread with her, and gives it to the first person whom the party meets. He must take it whether he wants it or no. It is said that this custom is symbolical, and that it is intended to render the child charitable.

THE YELLOW PONY.—In the Founder's Day procession in New Haven, one of the "Lancasterian schoolboys" led a yellow pony. Few knew the significance of the pony until it was explained that Mr. Lovell, use to discipline his pupils by laying them out, face downward on the yellow school desks and applying the rawhide where it would do the most good. This he called "riding the yellow pony." It is said that the man who led the pony in the procession deserved the honor, for once, when a boy, rode the yellow pony twenty-four hours in one day.

THE WOMAN.—The Arabians have a very low opinion of women, and would look with no favor upon women's rights. "My father does the fighting and my mother the talking" is the saying of the Arab children, founded doubtless on observation. "Women are the whips of Satan" is the more mature opinion of the young men; and the wise remark of the married man is, "Obedience to woman brings repentance." And when his wife grumbles at the difficulty of making a match for her daughters in the drawing room of the desert, he snaps her up with the remark "the best son-in-law is the grave."

THE FAMILY IN CHINA.—Each family in China religiously preserves the records of its ancestors—their lives and acts; and to the assembled members these records are read by the head of the house at regular intervals. At each meeting one biography is read, then the next, so on in order till the last of the series is finished, when a commencement is again made with the first. When any question is in dispute, an entry in one of these sacred family books referring to the dispute is looked on by the authorities as decisive. To be able to make the entries in this book, and to read it to his family should he ever become its head, every Chinaman is taught to read and write.

THE PLANETS.—Is the motion of planetary bodies perpetual? At first everything seems to show that it is. The earth with its mass of three thousand trillion tons turns with a speed which enables a student to go bare-headed a good many miles without catching cold in the act of saluting a professor, for a long time defied all attempts to detect in it loss of speed; but with the friction of the tide continually at work, such loss must take place, but now it is pretty certain that the earth loses an hour in 16,000 years, and is coming to rest, though it must be admitted rather leisurely, and in fact the general arguments in the present day are in favor of what Sir Isaac Newton believed—that the motions of all bodies in space are becoming less and will ultimately cease.

THE TIGER.—Here are some extracts from a paper recently read before the Bombay Natural History Society: "The ghost of a man killed by a tiger rides on the beast's head and to point the way of fresh victims. Eating tiger's flesh gives one courage, but unless the whiskers are first singed off the tiger's spirit will haunt you, and, what is worse, you will run the risk of being turned into a tiger in the next world. "God allows a tiger one rupee a day for his food, so that if a tiger kills a bullock worth five rupees he will not kill again for five days." Just as comical is a report which the native police made after carefully investigating the case of an unlucky villager killed by a tiger. For perfect artlessness it cannot be matched. "Pandu," says the report, "died of the tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pandu save some fingers, which probably belonged to the left or right hand."

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau. "Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house? Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."

conjured up: of Pauline Stanley in her radiant loveliness, lying cold and still in death, with the morning light upon her face.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE dance music which had been growing softer during the last few minutes, burst out with a loud crashing noise; then died away to silence. The waltz was over; in a few minutes more the deserted alleys of the garden would be invaded by a score of gay couples seeking coolness and solitude.

The sudden stillness seemed to recall Miss Hamilton from the reverie into which she had fallen, she shivered a little, and mechanically stooped and raised the bouquet she had let fall at her feet; her movement roused Leclerc, he raised his head, looking about him vacantly, with a strange sense of confusion and distress, as if hardly conscious where he was; he was still lividly pale, and his hand shook like a leaf.

"I must see you again. I must explain," he muttered feverishly. "Let me come to you in the morning?"

A slight disdainful smile crossed her lips.

"Explain!" she echoed. "What explanation can you give? I think myself there is none needed. I have made one mistake, I will not make another. If the innocent has suffered for the guilty, he shall suffer no longer, and——"

"What do you mean?" he asked huskily. "How has Geoffrey Hamilton suffered for my sin?"

She was silent. The question had startled her, and recalled to her what she had forgotten for the moment in the passionate pain of her reminiscences.

"He would have suffered!" she said rapidly. "He has suffered! He lost the wealth which should have been his, because Mrs. Hamilton believed him guilty of the crime which was yours only. It shall be his again. It is well that I have learned the truth in time to make restitution! I had begun to doubt before," she continued passionately. "He seemed good and true and gentle; he seemed incapable of the base treachery of which I tried to believe him guilty, and this afternoon I knew the truth, and that I had been terribly mistaken!"

She paused; her breath came more quickly, her pale lips were quivering; speech was difficult to her because her heart was beating so heavily.

"When I saw the picture," she went on, "I knew the truth. You—not he—are the man whose cruel letter stabbed her to the heart as surely as if you had plunged a dagger there! You—not he—are the man calling himself Geoffrey Hamilton who won her love and then broke her heart!"

"How do you know?" he said, in the same hoarse voice. "You cannot be sure. I may have seen her."

"It is too late!" she replied sorrowfully. "Even had I no other proof save her portrait painted by you, I should have known that you were guilty by your eyes when they met mine to-night. When you heard that my name was Stanley you guessed the truth, and you were afraid!"

"Afraid!" he echoed, lifting his head suddenly.

His pride, stung by the scornful epithet, gave him courage to face her for a moment.

"Afraid? Yes!" she said haughtily, flashing her dark eyes upon him in the soft light of the lamps which burned among the trees. "What will Geoffrey Hamilton say, think you, when he reads the letters written in his name which you indited to my sister? He will recognize the handwriting, if I did not—how could I, since I had never seen either his or yours?"

She paused again, as if to emphasize her next words, and looked steadily at him.

"What will Miss Bradley say, do you suppose, when she, too, knows the truth? When she knows that her fiancee, her intended husband, is a forger, a traitor, aye, and a murderer? Will she be willing to bestow her wealth upon you then?"

She laughed a little as she spoke—a bitter, scornful, triumphant laugh, that jarred horribly upon his ears and her own. A silence succeeded the strange, harsh sound of her laughter, which was usually as clear and sweet as a silver bell.

Some of the dancers were strolling about the gardens now, but although one or two glanced curiously and significantly at the two figures under the chestnut tree, their tete-a-tete remained unbroken.

"You will not tell her?" Fulton Leclerc said, in a low tone which was almost entreating. "You will not tell Cecilia? What good could it do now?"

"It would save her from the toils of a fortune-hunter, if it did nothing more," she replied, laughing again with that same mocking, unmusical laughter. "And it would deprive you of the thousands you hope, through her, to obtain."

"She would not believe you," he muttered sullenly.

"Would she not? I think she would when I produce the letters and tell her all the story!" Bell replied calmly.

"And if she did believe you," he said desperately, seeing that the wealth which had seemed so surely his was melting away before he touched it, "what good will it do? Will it bring your sister back to life? Do you think that I am not sorry for the wrong I did her? But our love was madness, you know, and——"

"Why was it madness?" she asked coldly. "She was your equal in every way; you are not a poor man, you might have made her a happy wife—but you preferred to send her to her death. Do you know," —she leaned towards him as she spoke slowly in the clear, ice-cold, passionless tones which sounded so strangely from her lips, as she stood there in her pale beauty, with the shimmer of satin, the soft film of lace, the glitter of diamonds about her—"what kept me from madness or death when she died? It was the hope of living for this moment!—for the revenge which, sooner or later, was bound to come to my hand! I said that if I lived, I would avenge her; and now that vengeance is within my grasp, do you think I will forego it? No! As you have sown, so must you reap!—you must gather the harvest, and eat the fruit of your baseness! If it tastes bitter to you, you must not blame me, but yourself!"

Again there was silence between them, the man was as pale as death, his heart full of anger, and remorse and pain; the woman looking back into that past which was so full of bitterness for her, had forgotten for a brief moment all but its anguish and unrest.

"Do you know what my life has been since that day on which you and I first met?" she said, breaking the silence abruptly. "I was a girl then, happy and free from care, looking forward to a future of happiness and love with her. I had never known sorrow; my life had been full of good things, of which she was the best, and truest and dearest. All my hopes and wishes and desires were centered on her, and when she died—when you killed her—life, so far as happiness was concerned, was over for me! It was as if from sunlight I had been plunged forever into darkness, and the only glimmer of light was the hope of vengeance on her murderer! I went home a child," she concluded, brokenly, with a passionate pathos in her low voice; "in a few hours I was a lonely, broken-hearted woman!

"And that is not all," she went on after a moment's breathless pause; "I have not only her death to avenge, but the misery of these last and most miserable years! Do you think it is nothing to have all the fairest years of life blighted, and marred and overshadowed? Do you think it is nothing to make others suffer for the things of which they are not guilty? Nothing, to have every hour, every joy tainted, by shame, and sorrow, and suffering? Nothing to have sleepless nights, and sorrowful days, haunted by the spectre of the past, and those terrible words 'what might have been'?"

Her low, passionate voice trembled on the air, and then died away to silence; the dance music had begun again; in the gardens a few of Mrs. Bruce's guests lingered still, mostly young couples absorbed in each other and careless of all else.

The silence under the chestnut tree lasted longer this time. Bell had sunk down into one of the wicker chairs; her strength had failed her after the long strain upon it; she was white as her gown, the flowers hung loosely in her clasp, the long shining folds of her gown lay upon the green sward, her eyes stared vacantly before her, at the moment the present was forgotten, she was living in the past.

Fulton Leclerc, too, was living in the past, living over again those sunny summer days spent with Pauline Stanley under the full leaved trees. He recalled her radiant beauty, the loveliness, at once so proud and delicate, which he had never seen surpassed since then.

He had loved her coldly and selfishly, perhaps, but as well as it was possible for him to love, and he had heard the sorrowful story of her anguish and death agony with remorse as deep, and pain as acute as it was possible for him to feel.

It had shocked him know that the woman from whom he had parted one day in the glory of her youth and beauty, should twenty-four hours later, be stricken down by the hand of Death; but shocked, grieved and remorseful as he was, he could still think of his own loss of Miss Bradley should she know the truth. She loved him, truly, but she was a woman sensitive and upright. She would not forgive; at any rate, she would not overlook such conduct as his.

"I have sinned passed all forgiveness," he murmured, bending his tall head over the drooping figure of the silent girl, "therefore I cannot ask for pardon, it would be useless. That I am sorry, with a great sorrow, penitent, with a deep repentence, will avail nothing. I sinned greatly and for that sin I must suffer. Do you think that it cost me nothing to leave your sister? Can you think so when you recall her loveliness, her sweetness, her purity? I loved," his voice shook a little as he went on, "and if I left her, it was because I thought it best, best for her as well as for me! You say that I am not a poor man, but I am poor. I am deeply in debt; I have luxurious tastes and habits which I have always gratified. If I had married Pauline, beautiful and good as she was, and much as I loved her, we should not have been happy! I should have regretted my lost position in the world, and——"

"Lost through marrying her!" Bell interpolated passionately.

"Yes," he replied hurriedly. "Do you not understand, have you not learned since you yourself entered the great world of fashion, how a man like me loses position by marriage, unless marriage gives him higher social status and increased wealth? What is an income like mine to keep up an establishment, however modest, in a city like this? Of course I have my profession, but it is one in which a favored few win largely, and the rest gain nothing. I left Pauline, because I loved her too well to see her heart destroyed, her life wasted, as the household drudge to which a poor man's wife degenerates."

Her lip curled scornfully, her eyes flashed as she looked at him.

"And for such reasons as these—I wonder you are not ashamed to give them!—you broke my sister's heart," she said very bitterly; "and having done so, you expect me to forgive you. Not only are they puerile, but they are false! You intended to deceive her from the beginning since you gave her a false name."

"No, on my honor!" he exclaimed eagerly, reddening to his temples at the little scornful, mocking laugh with which she greeted his words. "It was an accident. Hamilton and I had been travelling together; he had left me a few days previously, but I was using one of his easels; his name was upon it, and when we met in the woods, Pauline, poor child, took it for granted that it was mine. I did not undeceive her, that was all."

"I understand," she answered scornfully, with an intonation of such keen, merciless scorn, that once more he flushed to the roots of his fair hair. "That was all, but it was enough to make the innocent suffer for the guilty, and to make Geoffrey Hamilton lose the wealth which should have been his. What do you take me for?" she added, rising to her feet and facing him in all the pride of her haughty and imperial beauty, enhanced by her rich robes and flashing gems. "Do you suppose me weak enough to forego such slight vengeance as is possible to me now at the very moment when, after two years patient waiting, it is within my grasp? Do you suppose that you are to escape all chastisement?

"If I had known the truth before now, I might have punished you more fitly! I might have dazzled you with the bait of my riches—they are as great as Miss Bradley's—and perhaps charmed you with my beauty, and having won you from her, I might have spurned your love as you spurned hers, and given you a smiling dismissal, saying it was best for both of us! But since I did not know, since all I can do is to open Miss Bradley's eyes to the real nature, the greed, the falsehood, the baseness of the man to whom she is about to confide herself and her thousand, I will tell her all the truth, and, inadequate as your punishment will be to your offence, or rather to your crime, at least you shall suffer in some measure at the loss of the wealth on which you set so great a store?"

He inclined his head in silence; shame-stricken as he was, feeling keenly the threat she avowed so frankly, maddened at the thought of lost riches, and the honor and consideration they would have brought with them, he yet had sufficient self-control to bear himself with something like dignity. Glancing at him at that moment, Bell thought she could guess the charm he had had for her sister.

In the silence which ensued, she turned from him, and moved a step or two away: she was weak, and faint, and trembling, but she would have died rather than have let him see her weakness. As she turned, his voice arrested her steps.

"One moment," he said, in a low tone that was somewhat unsteady, and by no means without pathos. "You have spoken more than once during this last miserable half hour, of the innocent suffering for the guilty! Have you thought that if you persist in your intention, yet another innocent person will suffer for my guilt?"

She turned her head, looking at him over her shoulder, with startled, questioning eyes.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a faint, breathless tone.

"Only this," he replied, in the same low, moved tones in which he had already spoken; "that if Geoffrey Hamilton suffered for my sin, that suffering can be atoned for; nay, it will be atoned for, since you say that you will atone, that you will make restitution for the wrong which he has suffered; but the suffering you propose to inflict now can never be atoned for, and the punishment will fall far more heavily on the innocent than on the guilty."

"How?" she asked.

She was too faint and dazed and bewildered to guess at his meaning; at another moment she would have been too quick of perception not to know it—not to have divined it even more quickly than he did himself.

"Do you not know?" he asked quietly. "It is true that I shall lose Miss Bradley's fortune, and that to a certain degree I shall suffer in that loss, but that will be all. My life will not be ruined, my future happiness will not be blighted. I do not love her. A man never really loves twice in a life time, and I loved your sister, although I left her. But she loves me! And although my suffering will be slight, here—poor Cecil's—will be great. She loves me, and if you are right in saying that she will give me up, it will break her heart to do so!"

She stood silent and motionless, still looking over her shoulder, with great, shining eyes gleaming, like stars, in her colorless face. Her lips were parted like those of a person in physical pain; her breath was coming in gasps.

"If it will give you pleasure that she, too, should suffer as you tell me Pauline suffered, go to her to-morrow afternoon, and tell her the truth," he pursued seeing the advantage he had gained, but not letting her see he was aware of it. "It will not kill her; she is a stronger woman than Pauline; and her heart is healthy; but it will destroy life for her."

"It will not kill her!" she repeated dumbly with white lips. "It will not kill her!"

"Now you understand," he went on in low, pathetic tones, "what I mean when I say that the innocent will suffer for the guilty. She has done you no wrong, and she will suffer an agony as great—for she loves me—as Pauline suffered."

"As Pauline suffered!" the girl repeated in the same voiceless manner, while her face looked like the face of the dead in its pallor and immobility, with its fixed staring eyes.

He waited a moment to let the thought sink into her heart. As it did, with a pang of which he knew little, he went on—"

"She has never wronged you, nor Pauline. Even my regard for her is too unlike the love I felt for your sister to bear comparison; but, as I said she loves me, and she will suffer. Will breaking another heart innocent of all wrong to her, restore Pauline to you? Will destroying another life give her back to you?"

He saw her face change as he looked at her. The flowers she held fell from her hands; the rigid, frozen look faded slowly, giving way to an expression of terrible anguish. She turned towards him tottering with a strange pathetic movement, like one suddenly stricken with blindness.

"Where—where is it?" she murmured faintly, as she groped for the chair from which she had arisen but a few minutes before.

She had a strange feeling that the ground was crumbling beneath her feet, and the starlit sky descending upon her head; but as he took her hand to put her into a seat she started, and snatched it from him with a little cry of pain, while it seemed as if his touch dispersed the sudden weakness, for she faced him proudly and defiantly with angry eyes and parted lips.

As they stood thus motionless in the fragrant, softly-lighted garden, Alick Holt, coming down the pathway, saw them, and startled by the girl's intense pallor, and the look of horror in her great dark eyes, hurried forward to her side.

"What is it?" he exclaimed softly. "Miss Hamilton, what——"

But at the sound of his voice, uncon-

sciously tender and full of protection as it was, the girl turned to him with a faint cry of joy, and caught at his arm with her little trembling hands.

"Alick," she said wildly, although her voice was scarcely above a whisper, as she looked up into his grave, tender face with dim eyes and failing vision. "Oh, Alick, take me home, take me home!"

She was quite unconscious that she had called him by his christian name, unconscious of the inference Leclerc might draw from her manner, and from the tender protection in his as he drew her hand through his arm, gathering the soft laces about her throat to protect her from the night air; but it seemed to her as they moved away from Leclerc, that she went from a poisoned atmosphere into a purer air in which she could breathe more easily.

She did not speak as they walked slowly on, but her hand tightened its clasp of the young lawyer's arm, as if in a mute appeal for help, and his heart ached with a great pity for the pain upon her face.

He led her through the conservatories into the inner hall of the house, and sent a servant to call her carriage, and while they waited for it, Geoffrey Hamilton came hurrying up, his face eager and reproachful.

"You said I might come to you again," he began; then, as he perceived the pallor and the anguish of the lovely face, his voice changed. "What is it?—you are ill?" he exclaimed anxiously. "You have been doing too much."

She turned her sad eyes to his face for a moment.

"Yes," she answered faintly; "I have been doing too much! Come to me to-morrow; no, not to-morrow—the day after, and forgive——"

Her voice died away, her lips were white and quivering. Hardly less pale than herself, Geoffrey Hamilton, looked from her face to Alick Holt's in quick, jealous questioning, but he could read nothing on either but the deepest sadness and pain.

"What is it?" What has happened?" he repeated hurriedly, bending over her anxiously.

Her white lips parted a little, but no words came from them, and her eyes moved with a pathetic appeal in their depths to Alick Holt's troubled face; he immediately answered their appeal.

"Miss Hamilton is tired and suffering," he said earnestly. "I am sure you will see that she is unfit for any further agitation or excitement! Spare her to-night, I beg of you!"

"No one can be more anxious for Miss Hamilton's comfort or happiness than I am," Geoff began hurriedly and hotly. "There is no need for your interference, Mr. Holt."

"You are scarcely proving that anxiety," Alick said quietly and significantly, and the tone in which he spoke rather than the words stilled the young artist's rising anger and jealous pain.

Before he could speak, however, a footman approached announcing Bell's carriage.

The girl rose feebly and put her hand through Alick's arm; she was too overwrought to heed much of what was passing around her, and was turning away without a word to Geoffrey, when she recollected herself and turned to him with a faint smile.

"Come to me on Saturday," she said faintly; "you will forgive me then."

He bowed in silence, too much impressed by the look of agony in her eyes to speak, and the next moment she was gone.

In silence Alick Holt put her into the carriage, but as he drew back she caught his hand.

"You said once if I needed a friend you would come to me," she whispered. "I never needed a friend so greatly as I do now! Come with me, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you wish to withdraw your words."

He looked at her in silence, with a sudden, swift reproach in his sad, dark eyes; then entering the carriage he sat down opposite to her.

Bell sank back on the cushions, with a low sigh of relief, the footman closed the door, and the swift horses bore them rapidly through the deserted starlit streets.

If the old butler, who had grown grey in Mrs. Hamilton's service, had not been so perfectly trained a servant, he must have evinced some slight signs of the surprise he must certainly have felt, when he admitted his young mistress and Mr. Holt: but astonished as he was, there was no gleam of surprise upon his placid countenance. He took Mr. Holt's hat from him with perfect courtesy, and led the way to Bell's pretty sitting room, as if such a late or rather early visitor were quite an ordinary occurrence, and closed the door carefully and noiselessly after them.

The lamps were burning in the pretty little room, but they were turned down low, and gave but a faint, soft light. As Bell entered, she hurriedly tore away the folds of the lace shawl which had been wrapped about her, as if they stifled her, and going to a side-table, poured out a glass of iced-water, draining it thirstily.

Alick watched her anxiously as she stood, her long white draperies gleaming ghost-like in the soft, faint light, her face colorless as her gown.

He himself was stirred and agitated almost beyond a semblance of composure, but he controlled himself sternly, dreading any agitaion for her.

It was the first time they had been alone since that interview in the library, when he had confessed his love for her. He wondered, as he waited for her to speak, if she remembered that confession now, and the bitter words she had spoken before they parted.

She remembered those bitter words but too well as she let her eyes meet his, and the next moment she was holding out both her little, trembling hands to him with a broken cry for help and forgiveness.

"Oh! forgive me!" she said brokenly. "Forgive me, and help me now. Tell me in pity—tell me what I am to do!"

The words broke from her pale lips almost unconsciously. Her eyes were looking upward into his with an agony of appeal and entreaty in their depths. The diamonds about her throat trembled with her hurried breathing. She looked so lost, so distraught, and withal so beautiful that Alick Holt could hardly refrain from catching her in his arms and hiding the anguished face upon the heart which loved her so truly.

"Oh, help me!" she said again, piteously. "Even if you hate me and despise me as I deserve, help me now!"

He caught her hands in his, and bowed his head over them. In the silence which followed, he wondered whether she could hear the loud throbbings of his heart. And upon their agitated, haggard faces Pauline's beautiful eyes looked down from their frame, almost as if she felt for and pitied the suffering from which she herself was for ever set free.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE silence, which really lasted but for a minute or two, seemed to Bell an interminable one. In the intense agitation from which she suffered, seconds seemed like hours, minutes like days, and the stillness was like the stillness of death.

Alick, holding her hands closely in his, let them tremble and grow dead cold, and he put her gently into a chair before he attempted to break the silence which seemed so ominous to her.

"Of course I will help you," he replied, trying to speak calmly, and succeeding, for his love for the unhappy girl was great enough to enable him to put self aside entirely where she was concerned. "Tell me what I can do for you, Miss Hamilton."

"Do not call me by that name," she said, with a shudder; "it is not mine. I had no right to it; you know I had not—I know that now! My sin which was so terrible to you that you would have liked to place the world between yourself and the sinner, is greater, deeper, viler even than you think. Help me—oh, be merciful and help me!—to undo it so far as it is possible, without implicating the kind old friend who sinned for me. If the punishment can fall upon me alone, I am ready, I am more than ready to bear it; in its most severe form it could not make me suffer more cruelly than I have done since I know the truth!"

"The truth?" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes," she replied passionately, "the truth, the most bitter truth! You thought my sin terrible! It was terrible—a hundred times more so than you supposed, since it punished an innocent man for that which he had never done! It made the guiltless suffer, while the guilty went free!"

There was a small table near the chair in which she sat, and, with a low cry, she threw her arms outstretched upon it, and bowed her head upon them. Her whole attitude expressed the deepest self-abasement and shame, and the young man's heart ached for her as it had never ached for any woman before.

He turned away from her as she lay there, her arms, flung out upon the table, lay white as marble against the deep red plush of the table-cover. Her beautiful face was hidden; her head, usually held so proudly, was bowed in deepest penitence and shame.

He could not bear the sight without such suffering as her own scarcely surpassed; as he moved from her side she lifted her head, and a little low cry of keenest anguish broke from her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed bitterly; "even you turn from me!"

He swung round swiftly.

"Bell!" he said, with tenderest reproach and love making his voice tremble. "Can you think so, even for a moment?"

"Ah, forgive me!" she said faintly, reading the pained love in the dark eyes which met her own. "I hurt you, as I hurt everyone who——" she paused, a sudden faint flush rising in her face, but fading immediately, as she recovered from her momentary embarrassment, and went on: "everyone who has the misfortune to be kind to me."

"You need not have paused," he said, with a faint, sorrowful smile parting his lips under his dark moustache. "You were going to say 'who love me,' and I am one of them. I love you with the one love of my life."

"Ah, no, no!" she answerered wistfully, yet with a sudden joyful throb of her heart. "Do not say so; you will——"

"We need not discuss that," he said gently. "Tell me, if you can, how I can help you. I can be your friend, if a nearer title is denied me."

"I think no one can help me," she said feebly, as she lifted herself from the table with a long, low, despairing sigh. "But, perhaps you can advise me what is best!—how can I atone for the—the sin I committed?"

He looked at her suddenly. The color rose again faintly and transiently in her face.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone, "what you suspected, what you would not put into words, is; but I only am guilty, Dorcas is innocent of all save obedience to me, her mistress. You quite understand that," she went on eagerly. You believe me, do you not? Dorcas is quite innocent. Ah! however little reason you may have for believing my word, you may believe me in this. Dorcas is absolutely innocent of any real sin, as the weight of mine, which she has shared, poor soul, is killing her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRIMITIVE MAN AND HIS DIET.—Primitive man, wherever he was first-cast, whether in one centre or in more than one, must, of necessity have found his food in the plant world.

We cannot imagine him commencing his career learned in the art of hunting, killing and cooking the lower animals for food. Many infer from this circumstance that the argument in favor of the vegetarian practice is copied direct from nature, signed and delivered by her.

Not quite so fast. There is one interposing barrier to the free acceptance of vegetarian deed and act of conveyance of food from nature to man.

Nature, herself of her own right royal will, makes for animals, herbivorous and carnivorous, one distinctive animal food; a secretion from the living animal organism, a fluid which is a standard food—meat and drink in one—the fluid known under the name of milk.

Against absolute vegetarianism, then, we may fairly set up one exception derived from nature as the unerring guide.

On observing the habits of animals we discover another natural fact. We find animals of quite different natures, in respect to primitive selection of food, possess the power of changing their modes of feeding and of passing over as it were, from one class to another.

This change is distinct but limited, and we must accept it with all its extension on the one side and with all its limitation on the other.

The fruit-eating ape can be taught under privation to subsist on animal diet; a dog can, I believe, be taught to subsist on vegetable diet. But it would be as impossible to teach a sheep to eat flesh as it would be to make a lion feed on grass.

EXERCISE.—An instructor in athletics who most heartily recommends them, especially to those of sedentary occupations, gives this warning: "I would especially have amateurs remember that there is danger in emulating professionals. Professional athletes have no other demand upon their vital power than that made by their specialty, whereas amateurs have, or should have, other calls on their vitality, arising from their occupation in life, intellectual or whatever else it may be. If amateurs will insist upon doing the work of professionals and their own work besides, they must expect to suffer. They should never lose sight of the fact that in their case athletic training should hold a necessary but subordinate place.

Bric-a-Brac.

RESPECT.—The Todas, a native tribe of the Neilgherry hills, in India, show respect by raising the open right hand to the face, and resting the thumb on the bridge of the nose.

CHARITY AND THE BABY.—In Wurzen, a Slav village on the borders of Carniola, whenever there is a baptism, the nurse, on leaving the house for the church, takes a loaf of bread with her, and gives it to the first person whom the party meets. He must take it whether he wants it or no. It is said that this custom is symbolical, and that it is intended to render the child charitable.

THE YELLOW PONY.—In the Founder's Day procession in New Haven, one of the "Lancasterian schoolboys" led a yellow pony. Few knew the significance of the pony until it was explained that Mr. Lovell, use to discipline his pupils by laying them out, face downward on the yellow school desks and applying the rawhide where it would do the most good. This he called "riding the yellow pony." It is said that the man who led the pony in the procession deserved the honor, for once, when a boy, rode the yellow pony twenty-four hours in one day.

THE WOMAN.—The Arabians have a very low opinion of women, and would look with no favor upon women's rights. "My father does the fighting and my mother the talking" is the saying of the Arab children, founded doubtless on observation. "Women are the whips of Satan" is the more mature opinion of the young men; and the wise remark of the married man is, "Obedience to woman brings repentance." And when his wife grumbles at the difficulty of making a match for her daughters in the drawing room of the desert, he snaps her up with the remark "the best son-in-law is the grave."

THE FAMILY IN CHINA.—Each family in China religiously preserves the records of its ancestors—their lives and acts; and to the assembled members these records are read by the head of the house at regular intervals. At each meeting one biography is read, then the next, so on in order till the last of the series is finished, when a commencement is again made with the first. When any question is in dispute, an entry in one of these sacred family books referring to the dispute is looked on by the authorities as decisive. To be able to make the entries in this book, and to read it to his family should he ever become its head, every Chinaman is taught to read and write.

THE PLANETS.—Is the motion of planetary bodies perpetual? At first everything seems to show that it is. The earth with its mass of three thousand trillion tons turns with a speed which enables a student to go bare-headed a good many miles without catching cold in the act of saluting a professor, for a long time defied all attempts to detect in it loss of speed; but with the friction of the tide continually at work, such loss must take place, but now it is pretty certain that the earth loses an hour in 16,000 years, and is coming to rest, though it must be admitted rather leisurely, and in fact the general arguments in the present day are in favor of what Sir Isaac Newton believed—that the motions of all bodies in space are becoming less and will ultimately cease.

THE TIGER.—Here are some extracts from a paper recently read before the Bombay Natural History Society: "The ghost of a man killed by a tiger rides on the beast's head and to point the way of fresh victims. Eating tiger's flesh gives one courage, but unless the whiskers are first singed off the tiger's spirit will haunt you, and, what is worse, you will run the risk of being turned into a tiger in the next world. "God allows a tiger one rupee a day for his food, so that if a tiger kills a bullock worth five rupees he will not kill again for five days." Just as comical is a report which the native police made after carefully investigating the case of an unlucky villager killed by a tiger. For perfect artlessness it cannot be matched. "Pandu," says the report, "died of the tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pandu save some fingers, which probably belonged to the left or right hand."

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau. "Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house? Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."

MY WORK TO-DAY.

To shun the world's allurements,
To bear my cross therein;
To turn from all temptation,
To conquer every sin;
To linger, calm and patient,
Where Duty bids me stay;
To go where God may lead me—
This is my work to-day.

I think not of to-morrow,
Its trial or its task,
But still, with childlike spirit,
For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning,
I cast old things away;
Life's journey lies before me—
My prayer is for to-day.

The Duke of Melton.

BY VIRGINIA SANDARS.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Oliver entered the remarkably comfortable room prepared for his reception, he flung himself into the nearest chair with a loud groan, exclaiming:

"I'm a lost man; they are ten times more beautiful than I anticipated, and as to that Hyacinth, she is simply adorable."

Then, having a due appreciation of his own external advantages, he proceeded with considerable male coquetry to begin his toilet.

Long ere it was completed Selmar entered the room, and glancing round, observed dryly:

"I see you have the state apartment. In mine there is hardly a whole piece of furniture. And as to the bed, so rickety in its appearance I have serious doubts of my night's repose."

"Ah! ah! you begin to find there are some advantages in dukedom. So do I now," nonchalantly replied Oliver as he carefully tied his neat white cravat.

"What a fop you are!" good-humoredly replied Selmar. "But I tell you one thing upon which I am determined, to dismiss this valet you engaged. After ringing for him in vain, a housemaid appeared, saying, 'The Duke's gentleman was at his tea and could not be disturbed.' And when the impertinent rascal did at last obey my summons, he coolly informed me he was not engaged to wait upon the Duke's friends."

"Capital," cried Oliver with a roaring laugh. "But pardon me, Curling Tongs suits me to perfection. Couldn't think of parting with him."

Giving his long moustache a final twirl, he rose from his chair, calling out impudently as he left the room:

"Blow out the candles, there's a good fellow, and let us proceed to join the ladies."

"The candles be hanged," testily replied Selmar; "and remember, I expect you to uphold the dignity of the position in which you temporarily stand. No tripping into flirtation, Mr. Oliver, to which you seem already inclined."

"Tripping! why, I have been discretion itself," replied Oliver innocently. "But, indeed," he added with fervor, "these girls are so superhumanly beautiful, they might cause St. Anthony himself to trip."

In the drawing-room the ladies were already assembled.

They had exchanged their tea-gowns for demi toilettes of ravishing design. Made by themselves, there is no doubt.

"What admirable poor men's wives they would make," thought Oliver, who had no inkling how pecuniary matters stood at the Dower House.

The sisters, in their gay artistic costumes, might fitly be compared to splendid hot-house orchids, while Kate in her simple white gown represented the modest snow-drop.

If the Duke had been charmed with her before, he was doubly so when, coming timidly forward, she presented him with a late rosebud, saying:

"Tiger and I have picked this for you in token of our gratitude."

The truth was, Kate, indignant at finding that a splendid button-hole had been prepared for the Duke, while his friend had been neglected, was determined to make amends for such neglect.

This evening, and many that followed, passed most agreeably for all concerned. The invitation for a week was extended to a fortnight, then to three weeks.

The gentlemen were only too willing to stay on; and from the difficulty Lady Lodore appeared to find in collecting a suitable establishment for the Abbey, a duty she had volunteered to undertake, it really seemed, as Oliver observed, as though there were no respectable servants left in England.

It must not be supposed that during these halcyon weeks the Misses Parkhurst wholly turned over their former friends, Major Ranger and Captain Smithers; they were far too keen-witted and also kind-hearted.

And notwithstanding the viscountess's almost tearful remonstrances, insisted on both being asked to meet the Duke at dinner, Hyacinth saying decisively:

"Depend upon it, mamma, the Duke has heard all sorts of ill-natured reports respecting our flirtations with these gentlemen. We will prove their exaggerated falseness."

And most effectually did wily Hyacinth carry out her intentions.

Boldly she asked the unfortunate Captain Smithers, who sat next her at dinner, in a loud clear voice, to repeat his softest, tenderest whispers, and having thereby driven that unfortunate officer to the verge of insanity, she put a climax to his misery by presenting her former admirer, as he was leaving, with the famous crimson stockings, while she said blandly, in the hearing of all present and to the infinite amusement of Oliver:

"I trust, Captain Smithers, they will keep you nice and warm during the winter, serving at the same time to keep the donor in remembrance."

"Heartless flirt!" exclaimed the outraged captain; "I could have thrown the beastly things into that grinning Duke's face," he added savagely, as he and the jovial Major drove away from the scene of their former triumphs back to barracks.

"Ah, Smithers, my boy, you haven't the ghost of a chance against a Duke, and one so handsome to boot," responded Ranger, laughing. "Don't be a dog in the manger. You have said a hundred times you were too poor to marry. Don't stand in the lovely Hyacinth's path to a ducal coronet. By Jove! she looked every inch a duchess to-night," exclaimed the Major enthusiastically.

"A coquette—a woman without a heart or soul!" furiously responded Smithers; "never shall she mount a horse of mine again."

When the party finally broke up at the Dower House, all had become as well acquainted as if they had known each other for years, and parted with the full intention of meeting as often as possible, for which the hunting season just commencing gave ample opportunities, as all the Misses Parkhurst were good and fearless riders.

At the departure of their guests, none grieved more than Kate, and in the privacy of her own little room she shed many tears.

All unconscious as was her unsophisticated heart of the fact, she had been for some time completely absorbed in the delirious excitement of a first flirtation, ending with her in a much deeper feeling.

Not that the Duke had at first the slightest idea of making love to Kate, who, only seventeen, appeared to him almost a child.

But rather piqued at finding himself entirely neglected by the stately beauties, he not unnaturally turned to Kate for companionship, finding in her society such sweet amends for the neglect of others that he wholly failed to keep a Cerberus watch on Oliver's movements, leaving that gentleman to walk and flirt with the Misses Parkhurst to the fullest extent his inflammable heart prompted, while he himself roamed with innocent Kate through the fast autumning woods, instructing her in charmed words with the habits of birds and animals—of which her Indian life had left her unacquainted—or repeating pastoral poetry until he fairly bewitched the young girl's heart from her own keeping into his.

In teaching Kate natural history, he had taught her something deeper.

The Duke might, however, have remained in complete ignorance, not only of his conquest, but also of the serious impression Kate had made on his own heart, had not both facts been most pleasantly revealed to him on the morning of his departure.

Gazing from his bedroom window and pondering on the vanity of things in general, his eyes were suddenly attracted to Kate, sitting in the garden under a tree, and evidently holding confidential conversation with Tiger, who had his ears cocked at attention, and was looking up at his pretty mistress with deep sagacity.

After watching for a short time this pretty picture, it suddenly struck him that in no way could he spend his time more agreeably until breakfast than by making a third in the little group.

As he came up to where Kate sat, his footfall fell so noiselessly on the grass that she remained unaware of his approach, and he overheard her say plaintively, as he stood a moment behind her:

"Ah, Tiger! if nobody else cares, we are sorry—terribly sorry—our friend is leaving us, though he is not a Duke."

"Bow-wow," joyously responded Tiger to this melancholy appeal, while the Duke came forward, saying with a smile:

"Good morning, Miss Morden. I am glad you do not value your friends according to the height of the pedestal on which they stand. But may I have the supreme happiness of thinking I am the friend whose departure you and Tiger regret?"

Kate's face was suffused with blushing confusion as the Duke sat down beside her.

She was very fair to behold—the fairest of all God's beautiful creatures—a lovely innocent girl in the first dawn of womanhood.

And so thought the Duke as he gazed at her downcast eyes and blushing countenance. As she did not speak, he continued:

"So you don't care about Dukes? How wonderful! I thought most young ladies regarded them with admiration and awe."

"There are exceptions to all rules," replied Kate, looking up for the first time. "Besides, the Duke paid me no attention," she added simply, "while you have been very kind to me."

"Who would not be kind to you?" he replied with a beaming smile. "But would you not like to be a duchess, Miss Morden?"

"I should be afraid," she replied solemnly. "Moreover a duchess should be tall and stately, like dear Hyacinth. Don't you think so?"

She looked up at him timidly, but with keen, anxious inquiry, wholly unnoticed by the Duke, who was far too much engrossed with his own feelings to be concerned about the love-making of others. He was only thinking how enchanting was this girl beside him, with her simple, unsophisticated words and modest manner; and how charming she looked with the changing color in her cheek and with her abundant brown hair, reflecting golden tints beneath the sun shining on her uncovered head.

"I am so glad you don't care about Dukes, Miss Morden," he answered dreamily, "for it holds out a chance that more ordinary mortals may still breathe, even hope, in the presence of girlish youth and beauty. And now," he looked earnestly at Kate's blushing face, "will you repeat the words I know were only meant for Tiger's ears—that you are sorry for my departure?"

For a moment she hesitated, and then answered almost inaudibly, without looking up, "I am indeed very sorry."

"Then if my departure is unmourned by all others, I care not," he exclaimed earnestly.

Here a bell, loudly rung at the open window by Daphne, recalled the Duke and Kate to the sublunary fact that breakfast was proceeding, and in delicious silence they obeyed its summons.

Happy, happy Kate! Still happier Duke, who had found the Eldorado of his wishes!

No sooner were the guests departed than, assembled in Iris's room, the girls began a spirited discussion of their merits.

Too well-bred to have entirely ignored the Duke's friend, they had been to him coldly courteous, though, indeed, under ordinary circumstances his attractions were quite sufficient to have offered an inducement for temporary flirtation.

But until assured which was the favored one, none of the three dared endanger their chance of becoming a duchess by any profitless coquetry with the Duke's friend, and now wasted but few words on his qualifications, good or bad, all their thoughts and conversation being devoted to the supposed Duke's merits and personal attractions.

Hyacinth was, however, unusually silent, while Daphne was the principal speaker.

Evidently her hopes ran high. But they were unpleasantly crushed by Iris oracularly saying:

"Well, girls, I consider myself quite out of the running—in fact, scratched, and I strongly advise you to withdraw also, Daphne. We must both use all our influence to help darling Hyacinth; for though charming to us all, I observed that when talking to us, the Duke's eyes were still ever fixed upon her. And he said good-bye to her last."

Daphne's countenance fell as she replied, "I really don't think my chance is a bad one. But still you have had so much experience in these matters, Iris, that I am ready to withdraw if you are confident in your judgment. But in this case it is a pity I so consistently snubbed Major Ranger, and, indeed, that we all should have paid so little attention to Major Selmar."

"He seemed to console himself very well for our neglect," drily observed Hyacinth.

"He only took up with Kate faute de mieux," rather spitefully responded Daphne. "I must congratulate you, Kate, on the very hopeful manner in which you have begun the guerilla warfare of flirtation. But, my dear, I gathered from the Duke that his friend hasn't a rap! So beware."

"Oh! how worldly you are, Daphne," cried Kate indignantly, her face crimson with excitement, but far too secure in her newborn happiness to resent her cousin's ill-natured speech. "If ever I do marry," she continued, "I should prefer marrying a poor man, for then the truth of my affection could never be doubted."

"Transcendently romantic rubbish, my dear. When you have manufactured your own wardrobe as long as I have, and packed as many trunks, you will become slightly more prosaic. It is better to be born a dairymaid than in a station you can't adequately uphold," said Daphne, leaving the room in a decidedly crestfallen spirit.

At the Abbey Oliver and the Duke sat opposite each other in the smoking-room. Oliver was moody and taciturn, the Duke hilarious and talkative.

"Well, Oliver," he observed, "we have had a charming visit, and on the whole I remain satisfied with your conduct, though I am not quite sure that your farewell to Miss Hyacinth was not a little too tender. The length of time you held her hand at parting might lead to hopes that can have no fruition."

"Hang these footstools, they are in every one's way," petulantly exclaimed Oliver, kicking the offending article from one end of the room to the other, and adding ironically, "I should have thought you were too much occupied with your own parting to pay any attention to mine."

The Duke slightly colored, but passing over this latter remark, continued, "Remember I am acquainted with all your past flirtations."

"I have done with all that," replied Oliver sullenly.

"When Gladstone gives up speechifying I shall believe you have given up flirtation, my good friend. In the meanwhile, don't forget that if Miss Hyacinth displays a flattering preference for your society she is fully convinced you have a ducal coronet to lay at her feet."

"But whatever happens I still remain a man, I suppose?" angrily said Oliver.

"Certainly, and a very handsome and impressionable one; so much so that with your borrowed plumes, superadded to your natural advantages, I have no chance. I am too heavily handicapped with an Adonis as well as a Duke for my rival."

"What on earth do you mean, Selmar? Have I ever come between you and Miss Morden?"

"Miss Morden!" exclaimed the Duke in well-acted surprise. "Why, I am old enough to be her father."

"Your manner was certainly very paternal," replied Oliver sarcastically. "Why, Miss Morden is a perfect Hebe. I should be in love with her myself if I did not adore that glorious Hyacinth."

"I should feel deeply distressed by such an assertion if I believed it," said the Duke seriously. "But pooh! you have never in your whole life been in love with any one but yourself. And even if you are now undergoing the pangs of a true passion, which I wholly doubt, believe me that I desire to spare you future mortification when I say I have gauged the Misses Parkhurst' characters to their utmost depth. They are petrifactions of worldliness. I don't wish to be uncomplimentary, Oliver, but mark my words, when the fair Hyacinth learns your true name her feelings towards you will undergo a cooling process by no means flattering to your vanity."

"I was an ass ever to have placed myself in this idiotic position. And you wrong her I am sure. But even supposing the ambition of being a duchess has attractions for her, would not every girl be the same?" generously replied Oliver.

"Well, if you are secure of your conquest, you can prove its truth later on. In the meanwhile compromise neither yourself nor me, I beg."

"If I do, whose the fault?"

"Mine, I allow, and therefore I warn you. Except inasmuch as we have been their guests and owe them consideration, the Misses Parkhurst are nothing to me. I love Kate Morden."

"I knew it—I knew it! Let me congratulate you, my dear fellow. She adores you," exclaimed Oliver joyously. "And now I am once more my own jolly self, and only hope your confounded strawberry leaves won't irritate you as they have done me."

"Not quite so fast if you please; I do not wish to declare myself too hurriedly. Miss Morden is too young yet to know her mind."

"Then, for my sake, teach it her quickly. But that she loves you, I could swear."

"My vanity is not so great as to be secure of this; therefore, dear friend, bear a little longer with our mutual disguise."

"Have I any alternative?" said Oliver ruefully, taking up his candle. "Good-night, dream of Kate, for I am convinced she is dreaming of you."

Arrived in his own room he exclaimed, "I can never hold out, I know I can't. When she looks at me with that beseeching glance I feel desperate."

For the first time in his life Oliver was truly in love.

Had the two men at this point prudently stopped to consider their present actions, they might have avoided much future discomfiture.

But the ravishing thought that he could secure Kate's affections, while she still remained ignorant of the brilliant future awaiting her, caused the Duke to become utterly indifferent to every other consideration.

While Oliver, feeling that to his friend he owed his life, deemed it almost ungrateful to put forward his own feelings.

And it is fair to say, the Duke had not the faintest idea how matters really stood between Hyacinth and Oliver, or to what extent the latter had carried his flirtation.

Soon after the departure of the two men from the Dower House Iris expressed her intention of leaving also.

"We are too many women in the house, now that Kate is one of us," she said good-humoredly.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked Hyacinth rather absently.

"To spend some weeks with old Lady Bankwell. You see, she is determined one of us should marry her son. And I am determined to be that one," said Iris laughing.

"Oh, Iris darling! you will never be able to stand his tiresome way of making love. Even when he was making up to me, I could never smother my yawns," said Hyacinth with the deepest gravity.

"My pet," said Iris smiling, "you must not speak disrespectfully of your future brother-in-law. Besides, you are spoilt by more seductive wooing. Sir Richard is an honorable, charitable man. And if anything were to happen to poor mamma you know we are left nearly penniless. We are not fit to be governesses, and what else would we be?" sadly ended the elder sister.

Hyacinth sighed as she answered, "But it seems dreary for you to have so unromantic an ending to your life, dear Iris."

"I played out my romance long ago, Hyacinth," said her sister quickly. "It ended badly; but I am determined yours shall not. The Duke adores you, child, or I know nought of what a man's eyes can tell. But why do you cry, darling?"

"Because your words rejoice me. For I love him, Iris—love him with my whole heart. Of course I like the idea of being a duchess, but if he were poor Smithers, I should love him equally."

"But this is not a transformation scene, Hyacinth, and you shall not only be a duchess, but also marry the man you love, and in your double happiness I shall find amends for the blank in my life," said Iris, kissing her sister fondly.

"What a good sister you are, Iris! I wish you would not throw yourself away on that prosy Sir——"

"Hush," responded Iris, placing her hand over her sister's mouth.

When next they met, Hyacinth, radiant with love and hope, greeted Oliver with a bewitching shyness that made her doubly irresistible.

To repel temptation in her presence was impossible, and intense was Hyacinth's mortification when, after a few unmeaning words, he abruptly left her side.

But Oliver was far too deeply in love to be always on his guard, or to be ever flying from the seduction of Hyacinth's society as though he were possessed. Thus one moment he blew hot, the next cold.

In vain he implored the Duke to release him from his rash promise by proposing for Kate; the Duke could not make up his mind to spoil the romance of his present position.

His love had plunged him into a sea of selfishness, and he was jealous even at the thought of Kate's pure affection being diverted from himself by girlish musings on his worldly advantages.

At last finding his position untenable, Oliver determined to tear himself away entirely from Hyacinth's vicinity.

She, indignant at his behavior, had become proudly cold, and deemed herself prepared for the blow, when one evening after dinner Oliver, who was leaving the Dower House early the next morning, followed her into the hall to say good-night.

With a beating heart she took the candle with which he presented her, almost dropping it as he said in an agitated voice:

"This is not only good-night, but good-bye, Miss Hyacinth, for I grieve to say I am forced by circumstances over which I have no control to go——"

Oliver here stopped; he had not the remotest idea where he was going, and repeated, "to go—to go——"

"To Jericho!" said Hyacinth lightly, though she turned cold, and her heart seemed suddenly to stand still. But she was determined this false man should see no trace of her sorrow. "Well, Duke, this world is not very large, so after all we may meet again. Au revoir."

So saying she rushed upstairs, turning back on the landing and calling out with a gay little laugh as she kissed her hand to him, "Good-night, Duke, and bon voyage to—to Jericho."

But arrived in her own room, she locked herself in and wept as though her heart would break, murmuring between her sobs:

"I love—oh! how I love him, while he has only flirted and amused himself as I have done with others. Oh! I am cruelly punished. He has heard of my follies and deems me unworthy to be his wife."

Downstairs Oliver fumed and raged up and and down the little hall, exclaiming fiercely:

"Cold, heartless flirt, a woman without a particle of true feeling! She thinks she has lost her chance of being a duchess, and wishes to show how little she cares for the man. She revenges every injury I have done her sex, that is if they have hearts to be injured."

But though Hyacinth had sobbed herself to sleep, she was a girl of spirit, and in the morning awoke determined still further to show this perfidious Duke she did not care a pin for him.

With fresh courage she donned her blue riding habit and accompanied Daphne to the opening meet of the—shire hounds, where she had overheard Oliver express his determination of going.

When he appeared in the field his lover's eye quickly discerned Hyacinth; but, distraction! gay, smiling, and apparently deep in flirtation with Smithers.

Away flew Hyacinth, closely followed by her two adorers, with her golden hair scattering light round her.

The excitement of a rattling run was upon the beautiful girl as well as that of love and hope renewed, for she had noted the furious scowl on Oliver's countenance. He was jealous! Why had she never tried this powerful weapon before?

A bold and fearless rider, no man could say they had ever lost a run in Hyacinth's society. She required no gates opened, no leads across hedge or ditch.

On this special day she was in a state of desperation. In vain, alarmed at her reckless daring, Smithers cautioned prudence. She only laughed, turning her face to see if Oliver was near. Splendidly mounted on one of the Duke's best hunters, he was not only near, but soon had left Smithers far behind.

Still Hyacinth kept the lead. By-and-by they were close to a wide running stream, too broad to jump, but which Hyacinth had often swam her horse across. Boldly gathering up her skirts, she prepared to do so now.

"Hold! hold!" shouted Oliver in terrible alarm. "I hear the river is very dangerous."

Unheeded were his words. Hyacinth had often crossed it before—had not heard of the danger—disregarded it now, and in she plunged, calling back audaciously:

"There is no occasion for you to follow if you are afraid!"

Another moment and horse and rider were battling fiercely for dear life. Alarmed at the force of the current, the terrified horse made no effort to swim, allowing himself to drift with the stream.

Quickly Hyacinth recognized her peril. But though she had lost all command of her horse, her presence of mind did not desert the brave girl.

Weighed down by the weight of her saturated habit, she yet managed to extricate her foot from the stirrup and slipped from her saddle, murmuring softly as the cold waters closed over her:

"He will save me, I am sure."

And she was right. Already having sprung from his horse, Oliver was wading and swimming to his love's rescue. But not without considerable difficulty was he enabled to drag her to the bank, for Hyacinth's splendid figure was not that of a sylph.

When ultimately he laid his beauteous burden on the grass, she was to all appearance insensible.

But wily Hyacinth was not quite so insensible as she appeared. In an ecstacy of joy she was drinking in words she had so longed to hear.

But when, finding tender words unavailing, her rescuer proceeded to kiss first her cold cheek and then her lips, a slight tremulous motion passed over the young girl's frame, while the ruby blood rushed in a torrent to her face.

Gently the blue eyes opened, fixing themselves on Oliver's face, as the owner in a faint voice asked the orthodox question of all ladies recovering from a state of insensibility:

"Where am I?"

"In the arms of him who adores you, beloved Hyacinth!" exclaimed Oliver rapturously.

A smile of intense happiness passed over the girl's face, and then without a word, from the combined effects of joy, cold, and fright, she really fainted dead away.

And now Hyacinth's popularity was exemplified, for half the field turned back to her aid, and a carriage being procured, she was quickly conveyed home.

But for the state of excitement in which her icy plunge found her, Hyacinth's accident might have been followed by no bad effects.

As it was, before nightfall she was in a high fever, and slightly wandering. A telegram quickly brought Iris to her side as the tenderest of nurses.

In the meanwhile the distracted Oliver had confided to the Duke how in a moment of terrible anxiety his secret had escaped him.

The Duke, who was now the happiest of men as Kate's accepted lover, having proposed that morning, hardly seemed to take in the gravity of the position until Oliver said angrily:

"Upon my word, Selmar, I believe you think of nobody but yourself. And I refuse to carry on this farce any longer. Do you understand?"

"It is no longer necessary," replied the Duke; "nor should I have continued it had I believed you to be truly in love. But it is my fault you have got into this scrape. And I begin to see the extent of our error when it is too late."

"Yes, Selmar," groaned Oliver, "out of affection for you I have behaved like a scoundrel. Though she uttered no response to my words of adoration, her eloquent eyes spoke a fond avowal of love returned. When she knows the truth she will scorn me as I deserve. But I may even be denied the privilege of her scorn, for she may die. If so, I am her murderer. For I saw she recklessly courted death as she plunged into the surging waters. Oh! I think I will shoot myself," concluded Oliver, pacing up and down in desperation and striking his forehead violently with his clenched hand.

"Pooh! pooh! my dear fellow, don't be melodramatic. This is not a tragedy we are enacting, only the last act of a genteel little comedy. Miss Hyacinth has a splendid constitution, and will be none the worse for her wetting. She owes her life to you; this alone must ensure your forgiveness. In the meanwhile we must throw ourselves on the mercy of the court, confessing our errors to Lady Lod——"

"Not Lady Lodore!" shouted Oliver. "She knows I have declared my love, and has already embraced me effusively as her son-in-law and the preserver of her daughter, who she says is constantly calling out my name—that is, yours. Oh, Selmar, my position is awful."

"No, no, old boy. We will take Miss Parkhurst as judge and jury. All blame shall be thrown on my shoulders."

"Well it may," groaned Oliver.

Though the Duke was supremely happy, he was terribly disturbed at the awkward confession into which he was hurried.

A sterner judge than Iris they could not have chosen. In haughty silence she listened to the guilty one's confession, neither by word or sign betraying the anger and mortification raging at her heart on behalf of her sister. But when the Duke ceased speaking, she answered sternly and proudly:

"No words of mine, Duke, could, I should imagine, reproach you more keenly than your own conscience. The selfish disguise assumed by the Duke of Melton," Iris spoke with withering scorn, "was as dishonoring to himself as to the woman he proposed to woo. And had you not been so egotistically engaged in the pursuit of your own happiness, you must have seen what hopes Captain Merrivale's attentions held out to my sister, who would, however, not marry even a Duke if he failed to inspire her with respect as well as love," concluded Iris with passionate indignation.

"Forgive me, I implore, Miss Parkhurst. You do indeed make me realize the full extent of my error, but my friend is blameless. He sought to please me. He loves your sister with his whole heart and soul."

"Your friend should never have given in to your selfish wishes. He has attractions which you do not possess"—Iris's words flowed with uncivil and scathing bitterness—"attractions sufficient to cause any woman to love him for himself. Whether my sister does or does not, of this he may be sure, she will never marry a man who has behaved as he has."

So saying, Iris swept out of the room like a very Juno, leaving the Duke utterly crushed and humiliated, and moreover deeply grieved at the ungenerous estimate he had formed of the Misses Parkhurst's character.

In the passage Iris met Kate, weeping copiously. She could have beaten the poor little future duchess with pleasure. To think of this chit having won the prize instead of her glorious, beautiful sister!

"Well, Kate, I congratulate you," she said, in tones anything but congratulatory.

"Oh! don't, please don't," exclaimed Kate piteously. "Oh! Iris, I am so sorry, though I love him—oh! so much. But I wanted Hyacinth to be the duchess. I did indeed. I shall never know how to be one properly. But how could I know he was a Duke?"

"How indeed! But don't be a goose, child," said Iris, unable to restrain a laugh. "I have no doubt in time you will learn to be a duchess. There, don't cry, Katie," said Iris kindly, "or your precious Duke will fancy I have been ill-treating you. And after all we keep him in the family."

As yet no confidence had passed between the sisters, for the doctor had forbidden the invalid all excitement. But as Iris approached Hyacinth's bed, the invalid stretched out her arms, whispering feebly as they encircled Iris's neck, "He loves me—he loves me."

What was her surprise, instead of the indignation she anticipated, Hyacinth burst into a merry laugh, saying:

"I see it all now. How well he has behaved. But I love him! I love him! He saved my life, and according to your own account only erred to save his friend. But still he deserves a little punishment. Let him still believe I am in ignorance of the trick played upon us. His punishment shall be to reveal it himself."

But Oliver's punishment had to be postponed, for that very day he received a pressing summons to his aunt's dying bed. In the meanwhile, Lady Lodore, made acquainted with the fraud, as she expressed it, practiced on her credulity, also took to her bed, the poor lady's irritation doubly increased by Daphne's announcement that she had at last said 'Yes' to Major Banger's annual proposal.

Secretly she had long liked him, and Hyacinth's fiasco had decided her to crown the major's long devotion. A terrible fit of hysterics followed her announcement, and Lady Lodore was only restored to partial equanimity when Iris informed her she was the happy affianced wife of Sir Richard Bankwell.

A few days later Oliver returned, and feeling like a culprit was ushered into the presence of the woman he loved.

In sweet convalescence Hyacinth reclined on her sofa, looking adorable in her flowing muslins, and the carnation suffusing her lovely face, as with regal dignity she held out her hand, saying sweetly:

"Come hither, Duke!" I have been longing to see you, Duke, to thank you for having saved me from a watery grave, Duke."

"I feel I owe your grace a debt of gratitude I can never repay, and which makes me the more regret the foolish words that escaped you, to which——"

Here Hyacinth covered her face with her handkerchief, as though to disguise her confusion.

"Foolish words, adored Hyacinth! Words of truth and honesty. Hear me, I implore; I wish—to——"

"No, no. I may not deceive you, for to those words of the Duke of Melton I can give one answer. I love another."

Hyacinth gave a convulsive sob behind her pocket handkerchief.

"You love another!" gasped Oliver.

"Yes, ye—es. I love Captain——"

"Not Smithers!" shouted Oliver in a voice of thunder.

"There are other captains in the world besides Smithers," purled from Hyacinth's lips, as suddenly taking the handkerchief from her face she looked up at Oliver with eyes brimful of love and mischief.

In an instant he read the truth in those blue eyes, and throwing himself on his knees, kissed her hand passionately, exclaiming:

"You know all, and yet forgive me. Oh! I have suffered such tortures."

"Not undeserved, sir. How dared you think you could come among the Parkhursts and not fall in love with one of them?"

"I loved you from the first moment I saw you, darling."

"Heigho! so I am not to be a duchess after all," said Hyacinth, gently disengaging herself from Oliver's embrace.

"Generous, lovely Hyacinth! by your side I could face the world as a chimney sweeper."

"Thanks, sir. But I am not partial to soot," she laughed merrily.

"And you shall not be put to the proof, my beloved. For my aunt has left me everything she possessed. I am no longer a poor man."

Hyacinth opened her eyes very wide, saying:

"I shall be able to keep a maid?"

"Two, if you like."

"I shall never have to pack?"

"If the maids are incapable, we will hire a professional packer."

"Then hurrah! No longer do I bemoan my lost coronet," exclaimed the girl gaily, adding with deep earnestness:

"Ah, Oliver, true love, when it does exist in a woman's heart, leaves no room for ambition."

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

To Clean Silver.—Make a lather of yellow soap in boiling water, with a little soda. Wash the silver in this way after each time of using. *Dry* it well with a soft cloth, and rub it with a leather before putting it away. If this is done regularly the silver will always look well. Of course, all the plate should be thoroughly cleaned with powder about once a week, but it should all undergo the boiling lather process before being touched with the powder, so as to remove the grease.

Milk Better than any Toddy.—Milk heated to much above 100° Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue, will find this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects.

Preserving Oysters.—A new method of preserving oysters in the shell, so as to transport them to any distance in a perfectly fresh condition, is being tried at Oxford, Maryland. The process is of the simplest description, consisting wholly in a single turn of iron-wire twisted tightly around the shells so as to keep them so closely shut that none of the juices of the oysters can leak out. It appears that it is the opening of the mouth of the oyster when out of water that causes it to "spoil." There is said to be evidence that oysters clamped by wire by this method have kept fresh for several months.

Zinc.—Zinc, placed upon the fire in a stove or grate, is said to have proved itself an effective extinguisher of chimney fires. To a member of the Boston Fire Department is reported to be due the credit of successfully introducing this simple scheme. When a fire starts inside a chimney, from whatever cause, a piece of thin sheet zinc, about four inches square, is merely put into the stove or grate connecting with the chimney. The zinc fuses and liberates acidulous fumes, which, passing up the flue, are said to almost instantly put out whatever fire there may be there.

Farm and Garden.

The Mule.—It is claimed for the mule that though he may be stubborn, yet he seldom runs away or becomes frightened, nor does he shy at every object.

Vermin.—Look out for lice; while they are not so hard on hogs as they are on chickens, they are very unsightly and cause the poor creatures a great deal of discomfort when they have to keep up an incessant scratching.

Trees.—The trees along the roadways require pruning as well as those in the orchards, and should not be neglected. It is claimed that wet land may be made to produce firewood by planting willows thereon, and that it may be made profitable to do so in some sections.

Old Barrels.—Do not use old pork barrels for the new pork until they shall have been thoroughly cleaned. Wash them with boiling water and allow them to dry. Make new brine, and have everything clean and pure before packing the pork after killing.

The Orchard.—With trees set a considerable distance apart, as we find them in the apple orchard, the land may be seeded without much injury to the trees, if a small circle be kept open and cultivated about the tree. This will be no great task, and will save the orchard and keep it in a good, thrifty, growing condition.

Bird-Trap.—A farmer in the neighborhood of Corinth, Me., having been annoyed by a number of hawks and crows, which made their headquarters in one of his trees, set a trap on the end of a long pole, which he fastened to the tree in such a manner that the trap was a little higher than the topmost branch. The result at last reports was the capture of nine hawks, three owls, and one crow.

A New Manure.—Basic slag, the refuse of steel works, when freed from iron and reduced to a powder, proves to be a valuable fertilizer, principally on account of the phosphorus it contains. Mountains of black slag have accumulated about the iron and steel works in England, and much in this country, all of which can be profitably worked over and made into a valuable manure.

Preserving Eggs.—To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime add four gallons of boiling water. When cold put it in stone jars. Then with a dish let down your fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with the fluid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell be cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for a year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16, 1888.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 720 Sansom St.

In the Family Circle.

It is difficult to say where a good many of the storms that agitate the family circle begin; it is impossible to say where they will end.

"The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water," says the wise King; and in no case is this truer than in the case of family quarrels.

The little breach, no larger at first than a child's finger could stop, but through which comes the continual dropping, if not attended to in time, will widen and stretch, till one fine day there is a waking up to find the angry waters surging around, sweeping in and overwhelming all the sweet peace and love and harmony of home.

There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that, because people are relations, there is less necessity for the common courtesy and consideration that everybody is willing to extend to the merest stranger.

It must follow as a matter of course that where a certain number of persons, with perhaps diametrically opposed constitutions, temperaments and habits of mind, live together under the same roof, in daily, even hourly contact, there should be as many differences of opinion, taste, thought and what not, ready to clash at a moment's notice, and it is only by the utmost care and tact that such clashing can be avoided.

Some few families there may be, so happily circumstanced as to run smoothly along upon the same lines, without jarring one upon another; but it is to be feared that these are the exception rather than the rule.

"We choose our friends, not our relations," has become a trite saying, but that is hardly a good reason for turning upon those to whom Fate has also denied any voice in the choice of ourselves, and without perhaps a thought of the pain we may be inflicting; trampling upon their tenderest feelings, their most delicate scruples, and their dearest hopes and aspirations with a ruthless brutality that can only be excused on the ground so often given, that "we never guessed they would mind so much."

It is probably because people living in the familiarity and intimacy of home life do know so much about each other that family quarrels are slowest to heal of any. Words are flung in a moment of anger that, for the fact of their very truth, leave a scar that will never wear quite away.

To an outsider family jars are for the greater part totally inexplicable. To be present at a "scene" whereof the cause and effect seem to the uninitiated spectator as disproportioned as ridiculous, has been the fate of most of us at some time or another.

Where such discord is in the air, it will be fortunate if the whole fabric of domestic union does not come tumbling to the ground, burying and obliterating in its fall every trace of the once sacred inner sanctuary called home.

When all are pulling different ways, the very closeness of the bond that unites them becomes only the more galling and unendurable, and should the strain prove too great and the links give way at last, the impetus that sends each one flying on a separate path will drive them further and further apart, while time, instead of reuniting, will but fix a wider gulf—a greater distance as years go on.

"There's no place like home" rings strangely in the ears sometimes with a cynically inverted meaning, and sighs are hidden away under a smiling exterior, while the heart echoes the costermonger's outspoken comment, "And a precious good thing there ain't."

Such things need not be, of course. Perhaps for ourselves it is just as well even to ignore the existence of such things.

Where a possibility becomes food for thought — much less conversation—it is more than half way towards being accomplished.

If parents would bring up their children to look upon family quarrels as equally impossible as disgraceful; if tale-bearing were promptly discouraged by cold inattention and contempt, and a higher sense of generosity and fair play inculcated, even in the nursery, it would do much to soften and ward off the many little rubs that are sure to come in later life.

Skeletons there must and will be in every cupboard, but the most hideous specimen of its kind is this of family ill-will.

No country can prosper with civil war gnawing at its heart, and a house divided against itself must, sooner or later, inevitably come to grief.

Tact and worldly wisdom will go far towards the prevention of family jars; but kindliness, mutual forbearance, and self-control will go still further.

A DIVINE benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence. Thus, the servant employed in making and blowing of the fire (though sent away thence as soon as it burneth clear) oftimes getteth by his pains a more kindly and continuing heat than the master himself, who sitteth down by the same; and thus persons industriously occupying themselves thrive better on a little of their own honest getting than lazy heirs on the large revenues left unto them.

FOLLOWING spiritual awakening comes the springing up of thoughts we never knew before; the opening of a prospect into which we never hitherto had looked; the sinking of the present and the visible before the mighty forms of spiritual objects looming in the awful distance; the throwing forth the spirit out of one world into another; the passing onward into a new hemisphere lighted by new stars, and bright with fruits and flowers before unknown.

"I CONFESS," says a thoughtful writer, "that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used." Ill success sometimes arises from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring.

WHEN you descant on the faults of others, consider whether you be not guilty of the same. To gain knowledge of ourselves, the best way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.

FRIENDSHIP is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellences. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed; the latter is exacted as the payment of a debt to merit.

NEVER lose sight of this important truth, that no one can be truly great until he has gained a knowledge of himself, a knowledge which can only be acquired by occasional retirement.

IN order to judge of the inside of others, study your own; for men in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you in others, will, changing conditions, engage, disgust, please or offend others in you.

OF all literary exercitations, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or so immediately our concern, as those which let us into the knowledge of our own nature. Others may exercise the understanding or amuse the imagination; but these only can improve the heart and form the human mind to wisdom.

THERE is tonic in the things that men do not love to hear; and there is damnation in the things that wicked men love to hear. Free speech is to a great people what winds are to oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease and bring new elements of health. And where free speech is stopped miasma is bred, and death comes fast.

No one can have the strength to take long walks and hard climbs who does not put forth in active efforts from time to time whatever force he has. No one has the strength to endure unusual toil and hardship who has not struggled manfully in past conflicts. Bodily idleness inevitably results in bodily weakness.

NEVER let us be discouraged with ourselves. It is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked; on the contrary, we are less so. We see by a brighter light; and let us remember for our consolation, that we never perceive our sins till we begin to cure them.

A DULL axe never loves grindstones, but a keen workman does; and he puts his tool on them in order that it may be sharp. And men do not like grinding; but they are dull for the purposes which God designs to work out with them, and therefore he is grinding them.

WE had rather do anything than acknowledge the merit of another if we can help it. We cannot bear a superior or an equal. Hence ridicule is sure to prevail over truth, for the malice of mankind, thrown into the scale, gives the casting weight.

IF thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further and thou shalt find enough to humble thee; if thou be wise, view the peacock's feathers with his feet, and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections.

WE do not marvel at the sunrise of a joy, only at its sunset! Then, on the other hand, we are amazed at the commencement of a sorrow-storm, but that it should go off in gentle showers we think quite natural.

GO to your bosom, knock there and ask your heart what it doth know that is like my brother's fault; if it confess a natural guiltiness, such as his is, let it not sound a thought upon your tongue against my brother.

WISDOM consists not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and following that which conduces the most surely to our lasting happiness and true glory.

CONSTANT success shows us but one side of the world; for, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

IT never yet happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor ever will, to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite and adverse.

ENVY, it surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

A CERTAIN amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of others as of ourselves.

CUSTOM does often reason overrule.

The World's Happenings.

A revival at Menominee, Mich., drove 8 persons insane.

Queen Victoria has been made a colonel in the German army.

About one-third of the lunatics in asylums are made so by drink.

Michigan and Canada supply New York weekly with 10,000,000 eggs.

A bicycle club for women is one of the latest sensations in Washington, D. C.

Six men named Woll have just petitioned the New York Legislature for a change of name.

A woman in New York, 70 years old, died recently from the bite of a cat, that attacked her while at prayer.

Out in St. Louis the obliging saloonists keep beer purchased on Saturday over night on ice, delivering it Sunday.

At Tacoma, W. T., the new City Council took 295 ballots for a clerk without electing one. They stopped then for a recess.

It is now an imperial regulation in Brazil that persons who die from yellow fever shall be cremated, the State bearing the expense.

Tea cultivation, it is said, is to be tried by a rancher at Elko, Nev., who proposes employing Indian women and children to gather the leaves.

A young woman at Beloit, Kan., was recently paid the bounty on the scalps of nine young wolves which she captured while herding cattle.

The bar steward of one of the European steamers reports that on one trip from the United States last summer his receipts were $500 in seven days.

The Conference of the Dunkard Church held at Wabash, Ind., has prohibited the members of the church from wearing mustaches or having their hair trimmed by barbers.

Mrs. L. L. Sherman, white, of Great Falls, Mon., secured a divorce from her husband, Morgan Sherman, colored, the other day, and immediately afterward married her lawyer.

The Duke of Edinburg, who is noted for his stinginess, is in the habit of having his frock coats made with removable buttons so that the same coat can be used either for uniform or civilian dress.

A philanthropist in London has established a Spectacle Mission, where poor printers, tailors, shoemakers and seamstresses can have their eyes tried, and obtain spectacles for little or nothing.

Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain, has grown so stout that she has had to have a carriage made with an opening at the back that falls and forms a doorway to allow her to enter. It cost over $5000.

Telephone rates in Rochester, N. Y., according to the new schedule issued by the telephone company, vary from $45 to $61 per year, and Buffalo telephone users are striving to get equally good rates.

Eloping lovers, Lochinvar Adams and a Miss Gordon, swam a wide affluent of the Red River, 30 miles north of Sherman, Texas, a few nights ago, and escaped the clutches of the infuriated male Gordons, who had followed fast.

In Baltimore it is proposed to put letter boxes on the street cars. This will bring a letter to the post-office from any part of the city in half an hour. The plan has been in use for years in Antwerp and other European cities.

Jose Del Valle, of Orange, N. J., participated in an amateur entertainment on a recent Saturday night, and in an encore the footlights ignited his clothing. Before the flames could be extinguished he received injuries which resulted in his death.

The use of bicycles by the detectives has been suggested by Major Moore, of the District of Columbia police, who will probably recommend the adoption of the suggestion by the Commissioners. It is also thought that a bicycle kept at each station would assist the officers in the capture of criminals.

Friends of August Edson, a Swede, of St. Paul, Minn., claim that he was killed by a "two-for-5" cigar. On a recent night he "set up" the cigars to a friend. Both smoked, and on the way home Edson was taken sick. His friend also felt squeamish. About midnight Edson was found dead in bed.

Youngsters who suddenly evince a remarkable weakness for licking the index finger when there's a molasses jug in reach, must have had a jolly old time of it in Highland Light, Mass., last week. A molasses-laden truck collided with a locomotive, staving in the heads of most of the molasses barrels, and making a river of the liquid in the street.

At a wedding some days ago at Ajaccio, in Corsica, the general hilarity was disturbed by the appearance of two gendarmes in the middle of a dance. They came, they said, to arrest one of the dancers, a young lady, who tried to escape and finally drew a revolver on the officers of the law. But a musket shot disabled the lady, who proved to be a noted bandit, Camilla Nicolai, disguised in woman's clothes.

While the body of William D. Cole, who was drowned in Little Hell Gate while out fishing, recently, lay at the Morgue in New York, a young woman of 20 came in and burst into a loud laugh after she had identified the corpse. The morgue-keeper remonstrated; but she only said: "I told him I'd laugh in his face after he was dead and I do it now." She had been Cole's wife, and said that he had ill-treated her.

The amnesty granted by Emperor Frederick has brought home from the German prisons two French soldiers who had been given up for dead. Two prisoners in the war of 1870 committed assaults on German soldiers and were sentenced to long terms of incarceration in fortresses without being allowed to communicate with their friends. Now, on reaching home, one finds his wife married, with a large family, and the other finds a boy of 18, who was born on the eve of his father's going to the war.

TRUSTING AND TRUE.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

It seems long since the last good-bye
Was whisper'd soft and low,
When hearts were sad with many a sigh,
And teardrops bright would flow!

Far, far away my love then went,
'Twas bitter grief to part,
But soon my soul grew more content,
For still I own'd his heart!

The flow'rs have bloom'd and now are dead,
The winds of winter blow,
The swallows to the south have fled,
So long, so long ago!

But well I know, tho' he is late,
Still faithful he must be,
So light at heart the hour I wait
That brings him home to me!

The Monster Loose.

BY J. C. THATCHER.

ONE February morning, about ten years ago, a man of between thirty and forty sat in his lodgings, on the drawing-room floor in Museum street, London, writing.

His table was thickly strewn with old books and engravings, some of the former lying open, others with numerous slips of paper sticking out from between the leaves to mark certain places; for he was writing a History of the Drama backwards, taking the nineteenth century first, and then going to the eighteenth; and, as he had accumulated enough manuscript for two octavo volumes without reaching George the Third's reign, and proposed to get as close to the Flood as he could, it threatened to be a voluminous, exhaustive, and costly work.

Fortunately, however, he dreamed of its paying. He was a bachelor with a fair income, riding his hobby horse, and it was cheaper than a thoroughbred, or even a hack. Cheaper, but not so conducive to health, perhaps, for he looked pale and nervous. Indeed, his general appearance was delicate, his figure small and slight, his hair and sparse whiskers the color of tow, his eyes weak and prominent, and at any sudden noise he started.

Even so small a matter as the maid-servant opening the door startled him, and it did not seem to compose his nerves that she announced a lady.

"A lady! What lady?" he asked.

"She wouldn't give her name," replied the girl.

"Ask her, tell her—" he began; but the entrance of the visitor in question, closely veiled, cut his directions short.

He rose, and hurried forward to offer a chair, so disclosing a limp.

Directly they were alone she raised her veil; the man literally staggered back, and caught hold of the table for support.

"Hush!" said the lady, placing her finger on her lip as she went back to the door, which she opened.

Satisfied that the girl had gone down stairs, she returned, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Peters! Do you know anything of my husband?"

The poor man sank down in a chair, and collapsed.

His visitor searched in a rapid yet self-possessed manner, and found glasses and a decanter in a cupboard.

"Not that, not that," he murmured, as she offered him the peculiar sherry which was left out for the benefit of a thievish landlady; and fumbling for his keys, he managed, though with shaking hand, to unlock a compartment of his writing table in which a bottle of the wine reserved for his drinking was always kept.

Wonderful is the instinct of self-preservation; a man going to be hung at 9 has been known to refuse port at 8 because he was subject to the gout.

When he had swallowed a couple of glasses of wine, Mr. Peters revived a little. Then the lady continued—

"You do know something, or you would not be so agitated. Oh, pray, relieve me from this horrible suspense. I cannot draw money or anything until there is some proof. Tell me, is he dead?"

Mr. Peters shuddered.

"I—I don't know. How should I know? I was not aware, when I saw you last, that you had a husband. What makes you think—"

"I will tell you," interrupted the lady. "I am now twenty-five. Seven years ago I was married to a monster. He was old and frightful; but my parents were very strict, and thought all pleasure wicked, so that I was glad of any excuse to leave home, and when they offered him to me I took him without hesitation. He was rich, he made good settlements; but, oh, his jealousy was fearful. He did not shut me up—indeed, he rather courted than shunned society, for he had a horror of his dominant passion being suspected; yet anybody could see it who had eyes, for he could not conceal it a bit. It was not only of me he was jealous. He had quarreled with all his brothers and sisters, because he thought his parents loved them best; he had a favorite dog poisoned because it grew too fond of a servant. There would be no end to enumerating instances of his mania, for it amounted to that; some of his extravagances were quite inconsistent with sanity. We never had a house of our own, but wandered about from place to place, living principally on the Continent; and being utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world, I attributed this to a love of travel and change of scene, and did not discover that his restlessness was in reality caused by the civility of some casual male acquaintance towards myself, till after his first duel."

"Duel?"

"Duel. He was born and bred in Germany, and his ideas about many things were not at all English. I believe he considered killing any one not only pleasant, but something to be proud of."

Mr. Peters groaned.

"Was it not shocking?" continued the lady. "Well, though his hair was gray, he was very strong and active, and a dangerous antagonist too, I believe, with either small sword, sabre, or pistol."

"Ah!"

"It was at Dieppe, and about six months after our marriage, that I was first made an excuse for bloodshed. A polite young Frenchman, who had sat next me a few times at the table d'hote, and danced with me at the assemble rooms, was so civil as to offer me a boyquet, and my monster wounded him in the arm for it. After that, I lived in a perfect state of terror, lest by some careless word, or even look, I should bring about a calamity, and for some time I succeeded in avoiding any excuse for quarrel; but a year afterwards, at Heidelberg, a German professor wrote a Sanscrit ode upon me; my husband cut his nose off with a weapon they call a schloger. He never ill used me, or even upbraided me—indeed, I gave him no cause; but he watched me as a cat does a mouse, so that life was a perfect nightmare. I asked him one day, when he was in a soft humor, if there was anything in my manners, or dress, or way of speaking, which excited his unworthy mistrust.

"'No,' said he, with a grim calmness which made me shudder; 'if there had been, I should have shot us.'

"'Us?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes,' he said; 'you first and myself afterwards.'

"He hated England, because he could not fight duels there but he was obliged to pay periodical visits to this country on business; and as this conversation took place during one of them, I went straight to my family lawyer, and he took me before a magistrate, and I swore the peace against my husband, under whose roof I never again stepped, and in due time I got a legal separation from him, my success being principally due to his own violence in the witness box, where he gave vent to the most atrocious sentiments. But though we were separated, he did not give up watching me. At the most unexpected times and places he would turn up, generally disguised; and if any man happened to be in company with me on several occasions running, and to speak to me more than to the others, I was sure to receive a laconic note warning me to shun that new acquaintance; and since I durst neither disobey nor disclose the tyrannical order, I fear that I acquired a reputation for fickleness and prudery. Little did my censors know the nervous distress occasioned by the idea that an eye is always upon you. I feel as if it were on me now."

"Good gracious!"

"Compose yourself, it was but a fancy. I have neither seen nor heard of him since August last. That would be a relief; but his man of business has not heard of him either. It is not only that he has not transmitted me my money, he has drawn none for his own use. Every other means having been employed to trace him without success, I at last thought of you. We met, you may remember, for the first time at the Richmond Easter ball; and afterwards, whether by accident or design——"

"Accident, pure accident, madam, I assure you."

"Who excuses, accuses," said the lady, smiling.

"I know it, I know it; though I cannot pronounce it. But still, madam, though I own appearances might have been against me, there was no design whatever."

And the poor man wiped his forehead.

"You are not a flatterer, at any rate," continued the lady. "Well, the accident recurred quite frequently enough to exasperate my husband; and as I saw him disguised as a waiter, at Lady Chiswick's fete the last time we met; and as you went away directly after, my husband's disappeared simultaneously, and has not been heard of since; and as you are lame, and in a deplorable state of nervous prostration, I cannot help suspecting that you went abroad, that he followed you and forced you into a duel, that he wounded you, and you killed him."

"I have not been abroad at all," gasped Mr. Peters, pouring himself out another glass of sherry. "But, come," he cried, presently, nerved by the stimulant and desperation; "you have told me your story, and I will tell you mine. I have met your husband, though I do not know for certain what has become of him. It will be a relief to speak, for this life of secret apprehension and perpetual anxiety is killing me.

"In August last, a few days after the fete you alluded to, I went for my annual holiday. I have a self-imposed task here, a little book, which takes up a good deal of my time, and causes me to lead a somewhat sedentary life, and I find a month of air and exercise necessary for my health. My idea was to walk through North Wales, with a change of linen and a few necessaries in a knapsack. So I went first to Chester, left my portmanteau at the hotel there, and took the train on to Conway; from which place I made a circuit, which brought me on the third day to Capel Craig, where I remained a couple of days, and then started again in the early morning, with the intention of crossing Snowdon, and sleeping that night at Llanberris, on the other side.

"I had not as yet picked up any acquaintance during my walk, as one generally does in a pedestrian excursion over such favorite ground; though I knew that another excursionist was following the same track, for I had caught sight of him several times, half a mile or so behind me. Once, feeling inclined for companionship, I sat down and smoked, to let him come up with me; but his taste was evidently for solitude, for he declined the chance I gave him, and halted too. I rather regretted this British exclusiveness now, for a companion lightens the journey when you have a long climb up a steep hill on a warm day.

"The first six or seven miles was easy walking on the road; then came an hour's wading through marshes; then came the narrow neck of a lake, which I crossed in a boat ingeniously fastened to both banks by the same rope, by hauling on which you ferried yourself over; after that it was all pretty steep hills. Trying to cut off a corner, I lost the track; but as it was a perfectly clear day, without a wreath of cloud or fog visible, that did not much matter. I had only to keep on going up, unless the ascent led me away from the principal summit, which was visible nearly all the way.

"At midday, I came to a gap in the side of the mountain, the site of a long-deserted mine, as was shown by a shaft which had been sunk directly in my path; and I shuddered as I peered into the unprotected abyss, and thought that if clouds had settled down upon the range there was nothing to have prevented my walking right into it.

"I had taken a light lunch with me, and this seemed a good place to rest and eat it in.

"So I sat under the shadow of a rock and refreshed myself.

"I was interrupted in this pleasant employment by a locust; and looking up I saw a man standing right before me, with his arms folded on his chest, and regarding me in a threatening manner. I need not describe him to you, madam—it was your husband.

"'Your name is Peters?' he observed.

"'Yes,' said I; 'but, pardon me, you have the advantage of me.'

"'I seek none,' he replied. 'You desire my death, and I have followed you here to give you a fair and equal chance of compassing it. I also desire yours.'

"'My dear sir,' said I, 'you are laboring under a very great mistake: I have no ill-feeling towards you. Why should I wish the death of a perfect stranger?'

"'Because you could marry his widow.'

"And then, madam, he mentioned you, and said that he had been watching me for a month past. And he put a most extraordinary interpretation upon our innocent acquaintanceship.

"When I protested that he was in error, and that I had not even known till that moment that you were a married woman, he said that such a cowardly evasion should avail me nothing, and producing a brace of pistols, he challenged me to fight him.

"I explained to him that if he had any cause of complaint against me, which was absurd, he had his remedy at law; that the practice of dueling was foolish, unchristian, and obsolete; that no one had fought with deadly weapons in this country for a quarter of a century; that if we now revived the custom, the survivor would be hung.

"'Not so,' said your husband; 'we are alone, and in a desolate part of the mountain. The one who falls might lie here for months before his skeleton was discovered; and who would suspect how he came by his death? But the safety of the survivor can be yet further secured: he has but to drag his defeated enemy to the brink of yonder mine-shaft; little force would suffice to tumble it into the gulf: and then, what trace would be possible? But I am here to fight, not to argue. Here is your pistol—loaded, but not capped—and here are caps. Stay where you are, and I will take up my position near the edge of the shaft, which will save trouble if luck attends you.'

"'Do not flatter yourself that your precautions will avail,' I cried, in considerable trepidation. 'Murder will out; and you will forfeit your life for mine.'

"'That makes no odds to me,' he replied. 'Fops like you have made life an insufferable burden to me.'"

"Poor man! how he loved me!" sighed the lady.

"I could hardly believe that he was in earnest," continued Mr. Peters; "but he retired to the spot he had mentioned, near the mouth of the hole, thirteen or fourteen yards off, and presently called out—

"'Have you capped your pistol?'

"I had not, but did so, mechanically. I do not know why, for I think I had no intention of firing at him. But, in truth, I was like one in a dream.

"'After I have counted five, it is lawful to fire,' he cried presently.

"I had seen 'The Rivals' performed, and knew from Bob Acres how to stand so as to show the smallest front to the adversary. I also held my pistol pointed towards him, covering my body with it and my right arm as well as I could.

"At that moment I remember that a gleam of comfort shot across my mind—Was it all a practical joke?

"'One, two, three, four, five!'

"I felt a sharp pang in my right leg, which, I suppose, caused me to clutch the weapon I held convulsively, for it exploded as I fell to the ground. I knew that I was hit, and determined to lie quite still, and pretend to be insensible. I had heard that such a plan answered with bears, and thought it might with duelists. Only—oh, horror!—he would come and drag me to that awful hole, and thrust me over the edge. I have a far greater dread of falling from a height than of any other kind of death, even that by fire. It is very foolish and illogical, for such an ending must be painless; but it is not a matter of reason. The cause is purely physical, and has something to do with the brain or stomach. I have often experimented upon myself, and observed—on the brink of a precipice, I lose my humanity and and become the most ignoble of reptiles. I don't suppose there is any meanness, any crime, I would not swear to commit to save myself from being shoved over. I determined to grapple with my foe in good earnest when it came to that. How I regretted that my pistol had gone off! I was quite ready now to shoot him with it when he stooped over me.

"But he did not come. When a minute, I suppose, had elapsed, I opened my eyes and glanced round—he was not near. I cautiously raised my head, so as to see in the direction where he had last stood—he was not there. I sat up. Where had he gone to?

"The blood was flowing rather freely from a wound in my leg, just above the knee. I tied my pocket-handkerchief as tightly as I could round the place, and got on to my feet. My hurt did not, to my surprise, prevent me from walking, so I advanced to the edge of the shaft, and saw—his pistol."

"Well, well," said the lady, "pray, go on. Here, take another glass of sherry. That is it. That is it. Now, what next?"

"My first idea was one of relief, that if he was prowling in the neighborhood, he was at least unarmed. My second—oh, madam, you can guess what my dread was, and alas! is. My pistol went off; it was pointed in his direction; he was standing on the

the edge of the pit. Oh, the thought has been wearing me to death ever since, though I have never before uttered it—the thought that perhaps I am a murderer!"

And Mr. Peters buried his face in his hands.

"Then you never saw him again?" the lady asked, when he was calmer.

"Never. I looked up and down the mountain, and to either side; but I was alone. I kicked the pistol into the shaft, and threw the one I still held in my hand after it, and listened; but never heard them fall. Then I went on my way, and struck the proper path; but before I had got a thousand yards higher, pain, the loss of blood, and horror, caused me to faint. When I came to my senses again, a man was stooping over me with a flask in his hand. In reply to his questions, I told him that I had met with an accident while pistol practicing, which was literally true. With great difficulty, he helped me to the top of Snowdon, and there I got a pony, which had carried up some lady who kindly consented to walk down, and was taken to Llanberris, where a surgeon dressed my wound, and attended me till I was fit to leave. Glad enough was I to get rid of him, for I was always dreading lest he should ask how I managed to inflict a wound in such a direction on myself; but, happily, the idea never seemed to occur to him."

"Why did you feel that dread?" the lady asked, soothingly. "Why did you attempt to conceal what had happened? My unfortunate husband brought his fate upon himself. You could not possibly incur any blame."

"Could I not, though?" replied Mr. Peters. "Ah, madam, you know little of the English law, which would never enter into the rights of the manner. Two men met, and had a duel; one was killed—therefore the survivor must be hung. It would not take into account that this unfortunate survivor was forced into his unlawful position against his will. He must trust to the jury for that; and a jury is generally hysterical, and, guided by its sympathies rather than its reason. If my counsel put forward your husband's antecedents, expatiated on the virtues of his persecuted wife, and the innocence of former victims, with more persuasive eloquence than the persecutor could manage to employ when holding me up as a wily seducer, who had made the destruction of domestic happiness the one object of his life, they would doubtless acquit me; if the Crown lawyer were the most persuasive, they would convict me. And the chances would be in favor of the latter; for most jurymen are married, and are, therefore, ready to sympathise with a jealous husband."

"Nay, nay, your fears cause you to exaggerate matters. You could not possibly be accused in the way your imagination has conjured up, if the information concerning this mysterious matter proceeded in the first instance from yourself. Believe me—or, rather, do not do that, but consult a good lawyer, and I am certain that he will tell you that the best thing you can do, both for your own safety and your peace of mind, will be to make a deposition, similar in every respect to the story you have told me, before a magistrate."

"I shall be asked why I delayed it."

"And you will reply, because you had not met me, and were unaware of my husband's non-appearance."

"I believe that you are right, madam; and I will make my deposition to-morrow."

"Thank you—oh, thank you, Mr. Peters. Then my trustees will sign for my money. I must go and prepare them at once; for, do you know, I have overdrawn my account at the bankers.' Good-morning, Mr. Peters."

She was gone. The die was cast. Poor Peters never slept a wink that night, yet the History of the Drama grew not. He was too apprehensive of being cast for the principal character of a tragedy himself. But he could not back out now—he must needs make his deposition at once, before an account of the affair was spread abroad in some other way. He would go to Marlborough street Police-office about the time the night cases would be over, and ask to see——

Rap! rap! Up came a letter in a lady's hand. Mr. Peters tore it open.

"DEAR MR. PETERS:—You need not trouble about that matter. I have heard from my husband. You did not hit him, I suppose; at all events, he must have got away very quickly. But he has had a bad fever, and been delirious, and that accounts for his silence so long past quarter-day. If you wish to see me——"

"Wish to see her! Good gracious! Not if I know it. Whew!—what a relief!" cried this most ungallant of men.

HOW TO HANDLE A WASP.—"It is a fact not generally known," says a writer in "Science," "that if one holds his breath wasps, bees and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes sting-proof, and, holding the insect by the feet and giving her full liberty of action, you can see her drive her weapon against the impenetrable surface with a force that lifts her body with every stroke; but let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs and the sting will penetrate at once. I have never seen an exception to this in 25 years' observation.

"I have taught young ladies, with very delicate hands, to astonish their friends by the performance of this feat, and I saw one so severely stung as to require the services of a physician through laughing at a witty remark of her sister, forgetting that laughing required breath.

"For a theory in explanation I am led to believe that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin. My experiments in that direction have not been exact enough to be of any scientific value, but I am satisfied that it very sensibly affects the amounts of insensible perspiration."

An Odd Journey.

BY E. E. DICKSON.

CLEMENT FAUNTHORPE supposed it must be true—as friends on all sides told him—that spiritualism and transcendentalism, and many uncanny ideas of that kind, were capable of producing a very bad effect on people's nerves, if they paid too much attention to them.

It was certain that something was affecting his, and that in a somewhat unpleasant way, for sleep seemed to have deserted him, and life to have become a burden, and the pursuits that generally give pleasure to young men of his age had become as wearisome to follow as a dusty turnpike road in summer.

He was conscious of a deep melancholy, of a sense of unsettled dread, and the immensity of things, and yet their futility, weighed him down; the veil which hangs between the seen and the unseen had become to him a wall, high as heaven, and of unconjecturable thickness, before which he constantly stood, no matter which way he turned his mental eyes; the great unanswered whence and whither, which all wisest men agree to leave also unmasked, pursued him not only at night in those dark hours so fallaciously called small (which, when we have occasion to pass them thoughtfully and awake, are so weird in their length and suggestiveness), but had begun to obtrude themselves on him also on sunny mornings when the few clouds were high in the sky and glistening.

In these circumstances his face became pale and anxious, and he contracted a stoop about the shoulders in his walk, and his friends advised him to see a medical man. Especially his especial friend, Mrs. Wellington Wallace, urged upon him that really he ought to see someone.

"My dear man," she said to him one afternoon, as he sat in one of her arm-chairs and looked dully at the cup of tea she handed to him, "you ought really to do something. Here you are, a young fellow reputed clever (which I don't say I believe) and also moderately rich (which is more easily verified), with a tolerable position of your own, and half a dozen careers before you, and more than half a dozen charming women quite willing to marry you, and you are getting to look as if you had decimal coinage—or something else equally hopeless—on the brain; you are getting positively haggard; you have become a thing of dark imaginings, you don't seem to take pleasure in my society, and you look at a cup of my tea as if it were Oopack or Cong at two shillings the pound! I have a great mind to drive you round this very day to see Dr. Farmer!"

"I have nothing the matter with me, I assure you, or next to nothing," he answered, drearily smiling.

"All the more reason you should see somebody," she said, with a laugh that was better than her logic. "Promise me, now, that you will do so at once."

He promised, without much interest.

"I suppose you are not in love?" the lady continued, looking at him keenly.

"Good gracious, no!" he answered, with evident truth, and finished his tea without appreciation.

Among the charming women who were willing to marry Clement Faunthorpe must be reckoned Mrs. Wellington Wallace herself; it was an open secret to all their acquaintance, and no one had much to say of it, except that it would be a very good thing for both of them, for whereas he seemed to lack ambition, and being childless and a widow, woefully needed some one to care for.

Add to this, that she was still young, though a few years his senior, that both were beyond reproach in the matter of fortune-hunting, and that nature had been kind in the physical modelling of each, and the suitability of a match between them will at once be apparent to all except mothers with eligible daughters, who are proverbially hard to please.

"He will never do anything, unless someone takes him in hand," confided Mrs. Wallace to a friend, one day.

"My dear, there is no one so fit to do that as you are," answered the friend.

"I don't say no, but I can't propose to him myself," replied her companion, with a rueful smile.

It would be difficult to say how it came about that Clement and Mrs. Wallace should both be travelling northward on the same night, or how it was that the latter disdained a sleeping carriage, contrary to her usual habit; but it is certain that the faculty of medicine had ordered bracing air for the former, and that the latter often paid visits to the Highlands, though generally six weeks later in the year.

It resulted, then, from whatever combination of circumstances, that they were the sole occupants of a first-class carriage on the Great Northern Railway, on a gloomy night, which, as they left King's Cross Station, seemed to bear about it an incipient storm.

Mrs. Wallace disposed her maid in another part of the train, and arranged herself with a view to comfort, supplied with reading-lamp, maps, and a novel of the lightest description, and Clement, opposite to her, feeling more nervous than usual, because of the condition of the atmosphere, watched her with a sense of thankfulness that he had not to face the journey alone.

The train rolled away out of the station; the lady settled herself luxuriously among her rugs, lighted and fixed her lamp, and took up her book to read. "Now you may go to sleep," she said, nodding at him sweetly.

"At this hour?" he answered; "besides, I never sleep in a railway carriage; and then, I never sleep nowadays at all, worse luck!"

"Oh you must to-night!" she replied, "and I will be your guardian angel and watch over you."

However, he did not; he sat and looked at her, and thought that she was really a very handsome woman. There was something about the line of her nose, about the setting of her fine dark eyes, which was very admirable; and that suspicion of down on her upper lip was attractive to so fair and smooth-skinned a man as Clement.

Then he looked out of the black window through the dull reflection of the interior, into the black night, and watched the lights in road and house and street as they hastened through the country, and wondered vaguely what kind of people had lit those lights, and whether joy or sorrow preponderated among them.

He wondered if there were any spirits abroad to-night, and if so, why; if they had been summoned to gratify the mood of the curious or the passionate question of the scientific inquirer; if they had come to answer the bitter cry of bereavement, or if they merely wandered, unseen and uncared-for by those who had loved them best in former life, powerless to avert evil or do good, as heart-sick and as sad as any who yet bore their mortal coil.

Could there be any impotence so dreadful, any position so deplorable, as that of foresight which cannot warn, of knowledge which cannot help? As he looked, a great slow raindrop like a great slow tear fell upon the black pane, and glistening in the glimmer of the lamps beyond trickled down and down.

It was followed by another and gradually thick and fast, the world around was full of rain, and the roof of the carriage resounded with it, with a close swarm of sound, and the lights outside showed blurred and flaming through the distorted tracery on the glass. He shivered and sighed. Mrs. Wallace looked up from her book. "What, not asleep?" she asked.

"I suppose the sound of the rain makes me cold," said he. "It's dismally wet."

His face looked so wan in the dull lamp-light that Mrs. Wallace felt alarmed.

"Dear me, I'll make you some tea!" she cried, with alacrity. "Here, pull out my bag from under the seat for me. I'll show you what a fine practical apparatus I have there. I never travel without my tea: I couldn't do it—so refreshing on a journey! nothing picks one up so quickly!"

Clement did as he was bidden; he roused himself from his melancholy duty to admire the complicated arrangement in brass and crystal from which vigor and refreshment were to be elaborated. Under its owner's directions, he prevailed upon the polished saucer of burning spirits to retain its contents, and not cast them out deadly and impartial on all sides; he dived into recesses of eau-de-cologne, handkerchiefs, note-books, match-boxes, slippers, and every conceivable "little thing" that a handbag has to receive at the moment of starting on a journey, for the bottle of milk and parcel of sugar, and by-and-by was rewarded for his exertions by a cup of the promised tea.

"There!" said Mrs. Wallace triumphantly; "now isn't that very nice, very clever of me?" as she sipped her tea. "Dear! how the carriage sways about! are you sure we are not at the very tail of the train? I feel as if we were positively wagging!" Here the greater part of the contents of her cup lurched over into space. "Isn't the tea very weak?" she asked dubiously.

"Rather, I think," answered Clement. "It looks just a little washy, you know; however, I should like some more, if I can have it."

He received and absorbed his second supply, but Mrs. Wallace appeared contented with the portion which had remained to her from one cup.

"I can't think what tea it can be," she said; "it's uncommonly bad. I can't believe it is mine."

"It's nice and hot," answered Clement. "Wakes one up too; I feel quite lively now. Suppose we have a game of chess. You know you owe me a revenge."

Clement was fond of chess, and never went anywhere without his board and men. Mrs. Wallace was capable of a fairly good and often a very baffling game, and they had had many together, many hours of quiet flirtation when the science of the classic play was subordinate to the science of a play still more classic, and of wider practice and renown.

"I have often played cards in a railway carriage, but never yet a game of chess," said Mrs. Wallace. "Well, I am willing, but suppose we play for something?"

"Oh! that's sacrilegious," he answered; "one ought always to play chess for love."

"Well, after all, I have no objection," replied she, with a faint blush. "Love be it then!"

Clement laughed: he felt unusually excited.

"Yes, our very best for love!" he said. "If you win, you shall have to love me, and if I win, I promise to love you."

He produced a handsome set of chessmen, in red and white ivory, carved after the Staunton pattern, and made to fix on to the squares of the board, which matched them in color, being of red and white leather.

Clement put the pieces in order, and as he did so, a sudden sweep of wind made the lamp flicker and burn low, and tore past the carriage with a rushing sound.

"What a night!" said he, and shivered again. "Mrs. Wallace, will you take white, and move first?"

The lady did so. "King's pawn two places, of course!" she said. "I never can open any other way."

Clement blocked the pawn's further progress, and the game went slowly on. Mrs. Wallace, as though the love at stake were a serious matter, played her best, and considered long before each move she made, and he felt that it would be no easy matter to win, and did his part in silence. The wind swept again and again round the carriage with the harsh rushing sound, in which was mingled that of rain, thick-falling impetuous rain, lashing the walls and windows; they, the occupants of the carriage, seemed as though sitting in a tiny alcove, in the midst of a general upheaval and convulsion, and the elements to be arrested in their course within an inch or two of them.

Clement felt as though the slightest move on his part would bring him into all the fury and battle of them, and shrank together as he sat, that he might escape them.

His nerves began to feel strangely tense, or he fancied so; his hands were hot and tremulous, and then the turmoil outside retreated to a long way off, and the only real thing was the carriage and its contents—the pattern of the rug on the floor with its much-stained wreath of roses, at which he stared absently; the rim of gold round the chess-board, which glared up at him with amazing brightness and dazzled his eyes, and Mrs. Wallace's plump white hand, which seemed always hovering over the pieces, with the sparkle of the jewels it bore radiating over it.

The lamp flickered continually; the wind rocked them, their speed rocked them, and on they rushed through the blinding storm, with gusty draughts of air forcing their way in round the windows and through the ventilators, and falling on his face with a ghostly clammy touch. There came a thunder, a rattle, and a rapid shuttling light in his eyes.

Clement started, his heart beat violently, his head throbbed, he was almost paralyzed with terror, but it was only an up-train passing them.

"Check to your king!" said his adversary in her clear neat tones, and he collected his senses with an effort and applied himself to the defence of mimic majesty as best might be.

"Ha, ha!" laughed something with a mocking ring—"ha, ha!" He bent his head and listened—was it in the wind? "Ha, ha!" he heard it again.

"Check to your queen!" was born in upon him, as from a distance, and large, immense, enormous, he saw his queen, bishop, and castle threatened by his adversary's knight at once!

He was ashamed; this was disgraceful, that Mrs. Wallace should so have the advantage against him. He became vividly concerned for the fate of his pieces, and made a brilliant move.

"Ha, ha!" once more.

He looked up at his companion, but her face was grave, and her mind evidently altogether occupied with the problem of how to dim his late brilliancy; he glanced round the carriage—nothing there—but the dull yellow walls, very narrow and seeming to rock, and bend in as his eyes rested on them; they straightened themselves up again, and he turned to the board to find himself in another difficulty, and this time hampered by the advance of a well-protected pawn.

The game was becoming awful to him; it assumed vast proportions, he struggled, it seemed with every nerve alive, strung to concert pitch, and that in a frail and tiny shelter among a howling conflict of the forces of nature, in a dim light, with a clammy hand now and again touching him on the brow, with a voiceless figure looming large and strenuous and dark opposite to him, and he himself as if iron-bound in silence, and with the power of speech denied to him till the battle should be done.

Outside there was a battle; and within the raging of it he waged his little war, as awful to him, if not more so, because it must be done slowly without word or sign. For his life he could not have spoken.

His head felt colossal, and seemed to spread wide on all sides of him yet without weight, and inside it was himself, vascular and intense, as within mysterious numbing walls, with absorbing interest and intelligence directing the movements of a long thin-fingered hand, which from a distance obeyed his wishes, and appeared to belong to himself.

There was a little peal of laughter close to his ear, and, looking at his pieces, he perceived that it came from the gaping mouth of a red knight, which tossed its head as he looked.

"Ha, ha!" The sound was taken up by the other little beings on the board, who all at once seemed animated, and there was a mocking, wrathful face under his king's crown, and tiny clear-cut features under that of the queen, and the pawns stood about like serfs of some—he could not think which—olden time, with close-fitting skull-caps on their small round heads, bobbing about oddly.

As he cautiously moved a bishop, he felt the figure warm and living to his touch, and the mimic laughter ran round him everywhere. In the general motion

the squares even were not quite steady, and it was no easy matter to arrange his men on them.

Suddenly he understood what it all meant, and wondered why he had not known it before; he was aware that this game he was playing was no ordinary simply trial of modern skill, but that the spirit of an ancient chivalry was moving in it—the spirit of monarchs, in the days when the king was the summing up of the service and homage of every man throughout the nation; when the knight rendered loyal duty and service to his sovereign, the church blessed—or cursed—them both, and its word was great, and its power; in brief, the ghost of mediævalism and feudalism was living here for the moment, and fighting out the fight which all things and all systems have to accomplish before they die away and are forgotten.

Here was an answer to his doubts of an hour ago, this revelation of a spirit animating some material thing: here was the ghost of the life which had permeated centuries and peoples; here was he, permitted to preside at the conflict.

What he fought against was nothing to him, his chain of reasoning did not go so far. More, he became aware that consecutive minutes of blankness were passing over his brain, when he sat looking at the little forces before him, undiscerning.

There were sparks and bands of light floating before his eyes, which confused him, and once or twice he fancied he saw pools of blood upon the board, dark and ghastly.

It might have been only the color of the red squares, but in any case this was not surprising on a battle-field. Nor was it surprising that the biting rain storm outside seemed to be closing in upon him, or that the damp draughts of wind blew into the carriage more thickly, while his huge head continually had less and less weight till it seemed to leave him altogether—him, sitting crouching within where it had been, and holding on the last shreds of skill he seemed to possess, as his men were driven back, slowly back, to defeat.

A white knight swooped down on one of his castles, and it was gone.

The white queen passed over his remaining bishop, and on the squares lay only the deep pools of blood as she went on.

"Check!" he heard from afar. The long [illegible] of the work of prevention. "Check" said the red knight was laughing again, "Ha, ha!" from the side of the board where it lay useless.

"Check!" Oh chivalry! victory! All going, going in the rush of the wind, in the peerless tumult of the train! and to be left far behind, there on the cold wet road. Cold—yes, now cold it was; and how cold that touch on his head, his head which strangely was not there; dark too, with the lamp burning low, flickering, burning lower; speechless, with the strong, voiceless woman, hunting him down, down, amid all the horror! Oh, poor spirit, which it had been [illegible] to protect, and which now must wander again! He was suffocated in that corner, where his king stood at bay. There, where but one step more was possible to him, and that into the sickening pool—ha, ha! he must go there! In with you, into it, suffocating, surging horrid up around you though it is—— "Checkmate!"

And a long scream of agony from the vanquished spirit. Clement threw up his arms and fell back fainting.

Ten minutes after the train glided into the station at York.

* * * * * *

Ten days after Mrs. Wallace entered Clement Fauntborpe's room in the hotel, whither he had been conveyed as soon as possible.

He rose from the sofa feebly, but with evident pleasure.

"How good you are to me," he said.

"Good!" answered the lady. "And if I were, I ought to be. I feel I am responsible for your illness. As you are really better to-day, doctor and nurse have both assured me of it, I may tell you—sit down, there's a dear man!—I may tell you that it is a mercy you were not poisoned—poisoned—by the tea I gave you on that awful journey!"

"No—how?" asked Clement astonished.

"Why, it appears that my mischievous idiot of a maid—I've only had her a month, and had not yet learned her particular vices—suffers, as she says, from "racks of neuralgia," to cure which she takes laudanum, and preferably, it would seem, in her tea. Well, when I ordered her to put up some cold tea for me—of course I can't be troubled to take water and all that, separately, in a railway carriage—the crazy thing must needs go and give us by mistake a bottle of her own private abomination, which was nearly the death of you! I have given her warning, but I don't know how I am to atone to you for all you have gone through."

"Oh! so that was it. Well, I am glad to know it. Awful the effect it had on me. I never shall forget that game of chess," replied Clement, with feeling.

"Do you know, all the time I fancied there was something odd about you. Some of your moves were strokes of genius, and I marvelled at that; them you would seem to consider for an age, and perhaps at the end do something a child would have been ashamed of. Naturally I beat you, and just as you were mated the engine gave a sudden wicked whistle, and that upset you altogether. Neither shall I ever forget that game!"

"I see," said Clement; "and have you forgotten the stake for which we agreed to play? Won't you tell me—as you promised—that——"

"Dear gracious! what are you fidgeting round my back for? H'm—well—really I think I have shown it to you clearly enough these last ten days, without actual words being necessary."

Their attitude half an hour later would seem to imply that Clement thought so.

SAD DOGS.

A LOST dog is probably one of the saddest examples of "alone in a great city." It is singular to observe how helpless such a usually intelligent animal becomes, as soon as he realizes the fact that he is "lost;" how aimlessly he dashes against the passers-by, how wildly he attempts to immolate himself under the wheels of conveyances in the road, how seldom he ever attempts to trace his path homewards.

To such unfortunate animals the Dogs' Home at Battersea, London, is indeed a boon, as it is also to the human portion of the community.

Setting aside the humanitarian side of the question, the painful sight many homeless and starving curs would present if left to wander in the streets, it is surely no small good to be spared the alternative of the thoroughfares being infested with diseased and possibly dangerous animals, or of witnessing immolations of such wretched creatures in public by the police.

Many an owner of a valuable dog has to thank the Battersea charity for affording his straying pet a safe asylum, where the animal was well cared for till claimed. As far as material comforts are concerned, the animals domiciled in the home have no reason to complain; and yet a visit to the institution leaves the impression that one has interviewed "sad dogs."

On alighting from the train, sorrowful notes, in varying canine accents, fall on the ear. "Pass under the archway and you'll see the Home on the left," says a policeman in a somewhat weary monotone, as though he had given the information very often before, and was tired of repeating it. We enter by the "visitors' door" (being ourselves, alas! in search of a straying favorite), and, after stating our case at the office, are referred to "the yard" to seek for the animal.

Some controversy has lately taken place in the newspapers regarding the behavior of the officials at the Home; but we are bound to state that we were everywhere treated with civility. Long acquaintance with despairing dog-owners may perhaps damp the sympathetic instincts of the clerk in charge, who may not listen to the visitors' tale of woe with that eager interest and tender feeling which they in their trouble instinctively expect.

Do not doctors and sick nurses and undertakers all become accustomed to the human trials they so constantly behold; and is it possible that an official can retain a vivid sympathy with the sorrows of the owners of lost dogs when he sees them daily by dozens? But if not sympathetic, he is at least perfectly courteous.

We descend into the yard. Many a gentleman's kennel is less cleanly and well arranged than this charitable institution. There are large and comfortable sleeping quarters under cover for the animals, good sized runs where they can exercise during the day, food and water supplied in abundance, kindly looking attendants, but all the dogs are sorrowful.

Nearly all at least. Here and there we encounter a specimen of the genuine street cur, the habitual hanger-on and casual in canine form.

Like his human prototype, he is thoroughly at home in his charity quarters. He stands cheerful and unblushing, a dirty mongrel, luxuriating in what is doubtless a paradise after his rough street existence. In strong contrast to this jovial cur is a fine collie, on whose expressive countenance shame at his unfortunate position and disgust at his surroundings are clearly depicted.

"That I should have sunk to this—to be an inmate of a charitable institution, and to associate with mongrels," is the unspoken language of many of the better conditioned animals. Some of the dogs, hearing a strange footstep, rush forward to greet the visitor, and in most cases retire after casting withering and scornful glances at the intruder.

"I took you, poor miserable creature that you are, for my master or mistress, and you are not fit to be compared to them," is the meaning plainly written on many a countenance.

Some dogs, apparently sick of confinement, still advance to the bars, and make friendly overtures.

"Take me out of this, I'll go even with you, to get away." Some animals, tired of hope deferred, are curled up at the back of their pens, and only glance round in a hopeless way.

A large retriever, a recent arrival, is leaping fiercely in his pen, and raving at the top of his voice, while his next neighbor, an aged mastiff, is lying on his straw, uttering low grumbles, which are probably canine oaths. Several visitors, with anxious countenances, are making the round of the pens.

One lady and gentleman are evidently not here for the first time. There is a listless and dispirited air about regular *habitués*, who have almost abandoned the hope of finding their lost pets, which contrasts strongly with the eagerness of new visitors, and the excited delight of the fortunate finders of animals.

MANY who would not for the world utter a falsehood are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others respecting facts, characters and opinions.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Frederick (Md.) road can boast of quite an original lamplighter. In shape of a boy not over ten years old. The little fellow rides along the road on a big brown horse. Whenever he comes to a lamppost he drives his horse along side of it, stands upon the saddle, opens the lamp and lights it with a match. He is so quick that he is able to keep up with a horse-car going at a rapid rate.

A number of the old fashions are gradually coming back again, and one of these is a very useful one. We see in the shop windows hand-bags such as our grandmothers and great-grandmothers carried about with them. The Parisiennes have these bags made of rich brocade and velvet to carry their opera glasses and handkerchiefs. The fashion of carrying hand-boquets to the theatre is also revived in Paris—quite a small one, only three or four inches in diameter, of sweet smelling flowers.

"News classes" have been established amongst Chicago belles in order that they may be able to discuss all subjects of the day when in society. Twice a week the young ladies meet in the afternoon, and are duly instructed on current topics by a highly-educated woman, who takes the daily newspapers and expounds the most important subjects treated in their columns. This plan is adopted in the hope of crushing the string of vapid commonplaces usually called "society talk."

The Countess of Flanders has started a practical school of housekeeping in Brussels. Forty poor girls receive there a thorough training in domestic economy, such as washing, sweeping, dusting, cleaning pots and pans, provision marketing, cooking, mending and laundry work. The classes are arranged to represent a working man's household of eight persons. Everything is calculated on this basis. The pupils keep housekeeping books, and every day have to enter, together with their receipts, the exact expenditure per head of their day's work.

Frequent ringing of his bell at night, followed by inquiries for the doctor, so annoyed a Sacramento (California) man, who lives near a physician, that he resolved to effect a remedy. Accordingly he displayed a sign on his door reading, "No doctor lives here." The physician looks upon the proceeding as a reflection upon his profession, calling, and threatens that, unless the sign be removed, he will ask the courts to bring about that end. As the heretofore annoyed neighbor now enjoys uninterrupted sleep, he stoutly refuses to take down the obnoxious sign.

At the Five Points Mission, New York, potatoes form one of the chief articles of diet, and, as the supply ran short last winter, an appeal was made to the Sunday-school children of Richmond Hill, Long Island. The children gathered together all the available potatoes of the neighborhood and sent them to the mission in big sacks. Then they resolved themselves into the "Richmond Hill Potato Patch," with the object of raising, hereafter, their own mission potatoes. A few weeks since was planting time, and the children turned out in force. They propose to do the hoeing and cultivating themselves, and to gather the crop.

The chairs which are rented at a penny each at shows in Hyde Park, London, have a curious history, which dates back to shortly after the battle of Waterloo, when an English general who had done good service, found himself reduced to extreme poverty. The Government of that day acknowledged his past services by granting him and his heirs forever the right of hiring out chairs in Hyde Park. The general gathered his resources and started with 100 chairs. There are now over 2,000 chairs, the income amounting, it is said, to over 5,000 a year. This sum goes to two young girls, who are the only direct descendents of the general.

A modern English humorist has invented a novel application of a word. Where anything is absolutely wretched, disastrous and disagreeable, he speaks of it as "blizzardous." This makes a fearful and strong-sounding adjective that will probably achieve a very great popularity. As the Britons receive some of the most popular and most expressive words from America, it seems only fair that they should occasionally attempt to send something in return. It is a mistake to call some of these expressions "slang." Slang very often arises by the adoption of some technical terms in general conversation, and what is the slang of one generation not infrequently becomes the refined language of the next.

THE HOME:—Our home influence is not a passing but an abiding one, and all-powerful, for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate home has been likened to a central sun around which revolves a happy and united band of warm loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, "I have no influence?" What sorrow or what happiness lies in the power of each!

THE strongest men are often the most tender-hearted.

Health Is Wealth.

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

BEAUTY

How to secure a clear, smooth, beautiful healthy skin is the desire of all, and this is within the reach of all. The skin becomes discolored, from [illegible] and unhealthy conditions of the [illegible] insensible perspiration—that is secreted by its perspiratory glands—and expelled through its pores. The skin is one of the chief outlets for the excretion of the excrementitious humors or elements, which the absorbent vessels reject; hence these irritating [illegible] and with the application of cosmetics only hide these deposits, and increase the irritant condition of the skin, etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN

Is a true cure for all Skin Eruptions. It makes the blood rich and pure, and after it has driven out of the system all scrofulous or bilious humors, it will divest the [illegible] of a poison, and make the skin pure, [illegible]. This is the ONLY way to secure [illegible]

[illegible] RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel [illegible] in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, [illegible] and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

[illegible] dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust, [illegible] and when there is a pricking, burning [illegible] passing water, and pain in the [illegible]

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

[illegible] fever and ague and all other Malarious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operations.

[illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS, [illegible] Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for [illegible] Dyspepsia. They [illegible] digestion, [illegible] the proper [illegible] of the [illegible] Liver, [illegible] Bowels, [illegible] Kidneys, [illegible] Bladder, [illegible] Nervous Diseases, [illegible] Headache, [illegible] Constipation, [illegible] Costiveness, [illegible] Indigestion, [illegible] Biliousness, [illegible] Bilious Fever, [illegible] Inflammation of the Bowels, [illegible] Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. [illegible] Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever or Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Breast, Limbs and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning of the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

PRICE, 25 Cents per Box.

Send stamp for postage to Radway & Co., 32 Warren street, New York, for our [illegible].

TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

COUSIN DICK.

BY A. S. PENN.

BERRY was very old indeed. She was only supposed to be five, but there were a great many girls of thirteen or fourteen living in the village of Chilton who were not really so old in their ways as little Berry.

It came of being the oldest of the family. She had begun to take care of the younger ones soon after she was two, and had always felt a sense of responsibility ever since.

There was Ivy, who was four, there were the twins, Sarah and Ann, who were three, and the other twins, who were six months, so that it was no wonder she had a kind of care-worn and grave look on her small round face.

The best of it was, they were all girls, for girls are not nearly so much trouble as boys. They were quiet and good-tempered little things, and seldom got worse, except when Berry put the soap in their eyes in washing them, or in combing their hair entangled the comb so in their curls that there was no way of getting it free except cutting out some of the hair. But these little accidents will happen to the best of elder sisters.

One day Berry had been to the shop to post a letter and buy some candles. When she reached home she found her mother not busy at work as usual, but sitting in a chair crying, with one of the babies in her arms fast asleep. The other baby was in the cradle, kicking and laughing as if there was no such thing as trouble in the world. The rest of the children were playing quietly, seeing that something was wrong.

Berry put down the package of candles, and kissed and tried to comfort her mother.

"What's the matter, mother?" she asked, as with the corner of her pinafore she dried two great tears that had fallen splash! on the baby's fat form.

"I've had bad news, darling," was all her mother could say just then; and Berry did not tease her with more questions, but waited to be told by-and-by.

The result of the bad news was the arrival of Cousin Dick. His father had been dead for a long time, and now his mother, who was Berry's mother's sister, had died too, leaving him quite alone in the world.

How all the little girls stared at him when he came bouncing into the house like a rubber ball, with his cap pulled down over his ears, his jacket half unbottoned, and his shoes covered with mud!

He was four years old, and was not in the least afraid of anyone. He seemed already to have quite forgotten his troubles, and to be as happy and full of spirits as possible.

Berry looked at him nervously. She felt that there was a great deal of work in store for her if she was to keep him clean and tidy.

"Let's play hide and shock!" he shouted almost directly he got into the house, and in a minute he had vanished, cries of "Who-o-p!" came from the staircase and from all sorts of unexpected places.

That was the beginning of it. He never was quiet a minute. As soon as he had been there half-an-hour all the children required washing and brushing, and their pinafores tying afresh.

After he had been there two days Berry's mother called her and said—

"Berry, you and Ivy take that boy for a walk before my head splits. I never heard such a racket in my life. Don't let him out of your sight, though or he might get lost."

Cousin Dick was quite willing to go. He pulled on his cap in a second, and scrambled out to the table, and jumped from it to the floor about a dozen times to amuse Ivy and Berry while waiting until the others were ready.

They looked very demure as they started, each of the little girls taking hold of Cousin Dick's arms, like two small policemen who had taken him into custody.

Before very long they came to a ditch with a little water running at the bottom. Dick gave a shriek of delight.

"Now see me jump," he cried; and shaking himself free of his cousins, he ran and sprang over to the other side, where he stood laughing at Berry's serious face.

"Oh, Dick! Let me help you to get back," she said, going close to the edge of the ditch, and holding out her hand, with Ivy following close behind.

"I'll jump," said Dick, suiting the action to the word. But as he did not this time take a run first he landed with a tremendous splash in the middle of the ditch, sending the muddy water out in showers over his next little cousins, while he lost his balance, and rolled over and over, ending by scrambling out wet through, and looking so comic that Berry did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

"You must come home again, and let me put you some dry clothes on," she said, taking his hand. Dick wrenched it away, and ran in the opposite direction, leaving splashes of water on the dry road as he went.

"You catch me, then!" was all he answered, and there was nothing for it but for Berry and Ivy to run after him as hard as they could.

It would have been bad enough if he had kept the road, but he ran in at the first garden gate he came to, went straight across the flower-beds, and hid behind the trees. And wherever he went they were obliged to follow, remembering what their mother had said about not letting him go out of sight.

In consequence, they had to climb a low fence, over which he had scrambled, force their way through hedges, and wade through a stream, until their faces and arms were scratched, and their clothes wet and full of great jagged rents.

"Oh, Dick, come back! Oh, please, Dick, come back!" poor Berry panted, getting tired and half frantic. And all the time she had a dreadful feeling that for days, weeks, months, she might have to take care of Dick, and try to keep him out of mischief. If he were always so much trouble as this, whatever would become of her?

"Dick, you are wet!" she called after him. "You will be ill if you don't come home."

Her voice began to shake, for now Ivy was left behind, and she could not wait for her, or her cousin would be out of sight.

"Whoop!" cried Dick, from behind a bush where he had hidden. Berry was growing desperate now. She darted round the bush from the opposite side to that from which he had expected her, and in an instant had him by the arm.

Dick struggled and writhed to get away, but Berry would not be shaken off. They rolled together on the ground in the struggle, and then Ivy came up and helped, and after that Dick yielded, and let them take him once more into custody.

On the way back they held firmly to his arms, and at last three muddy and very ragged little objects reached home.

"Oh, Ivy," said Berry to her sister, as Dick ran in first, "whatever shall I do if I always have to take care of that boy!"

Someone with grey hair and glasses was sitting by the fire with her bonnet on.

"Berry," said her mother, "here is Dick's grandmother come to fetch him away to live with her."

SOME GOLDEN CURLS.

BY L. T. MEADE.

THERE was such a funny noise going on inside—a whirring sound, half musical, half harsh.

It was continuous, too, scarcely ever pausing. Little Joe, standing outside the closed wooden door, with his ear pressed against it, listened and wondered. What was going on within?

He had gone for a walk alone, for Cissie was ill and mother had asked him to stay out of doors as long as possible.

Mother and father, and Cissie and he had come to this place about a week before, and now Cissie was ill, and Joe had made no little friends of his own as yet.

As Cissie could not play with him, he had no play-fellows, and he was quite tired of wandering about alone, and of pressing his little ear on the great wooden doors to see the other side of which so fascinating a noise proceeded.

The wooden door belonged to some large shed or building, and just beyond it was a wide, open and tempting green field, at one end of which was a pond, on which several ducks were swimming.

Joe ran across the field and amused himself for some time watching the ducks, and throwing to them some crumbs of bread which he found in one of his pockets.

The ducks swam up so eagerly and greedily, and snapped up their morsels with such relish, that Joe for some time was quite entertained, and forgot about the whirring noise behind the closed door, and also forgot that Cissie was ill.

Cissie was five years old, and quite the merriest and prettiest little girl Joe had ever seen. Joe himself was six.

He was wont to consider himself as quite a manly and grown-up little person, and he also felt intensely proud when mother allowed him to take Cissie out for a walk, for Joe was big for his age, and Cissie small.

Joe had great sturdy limbs, and a broad, sunburnt, healthy little face, and Cissie had tiny hands and feet, a pink and white little face, and a great wealth of golden hair.

Cissie's golden curls were mother's greatest pride, and Joe too felt immensely conceited when he walked about holding the pretty little girl's hand, and showing her off, as he said, to any people who happened to pass by.

Strangers often turned round to exclaim at Cissie's lovely hair, and it certainly was most beautiful.

Now she was in bed, hot and feverish, and Joe was very lonely without her, and wished that he could meet some boys of his own age, who would have a good game of ball with him, or at least that he might get to the other side of the door whence the funny noise proceeded.

He lingered by the pond until the sun set and the day grew cold and dark; then putting his hands into his pockets he set off on a swinging trot home.

As he did so he had again to pass the door from the other side of which that funny noise proceeded. Again he paused to listen, and to press his ear against the wood. Yes, it was still going on, so persistent, so unlike any sound Joe had ever heard before. He listened for a few moments, and then resumed his trot homewards. He ran into the little cottage quite full of the noise, and began to exclaim at once in quite a high, loud voice with regard to it:

"Such a queer noise, mother! It was inside a low building something like a barn, and it went whirr, whirr. I can't think what it was!"

"Hush, Joe; don't speak so loud," said mother; and then father came out of the inner room, and Joe noticed that he had taken off his shoes, and that his hair was all crumped up, and his face had quite a scared expression. Mother's eyes too were red.

"What is the matter?" said Joe; "why am I to hush?"

"Cissie is very ill," said mother. "The doctor has been here, and he has cut off all her curls, and burnt them."

"But Cissie's curls!" exclaimed Joe. He did not take in the fact of her grave illness, but when he heard that the lovely curls were destroyed he sat plump down on the floor and burst into tears.

"I shan't know Cissie without her curls," he sobbed.

"Cissie is very ill," repeated his father, taking him up in his arms, and kissing him; "and you must be a good boy, and come away with me to Uncle Hal's to-night."

Joe sobbed more and more.

"Why must I go away?" he said. "I don't like Uncle Hal, he has such a dull house. Why must I go? and why were Cissie's curls burnt? It was cruel to burn them."

"It was necessary, darling," said the mother in a sad voice. "Now be my brave little boy, and let father take you across to Uncle Hal's."

* * * * *

Uncle Hal lived in a little house at the other side of the village green—he was an old bachelor, and very strict, and Joe had a dull time of it with him.

He was too small a boy to be really anxious about Cissie, or to realize in what grave danger his little sister was—but he was very dull—much duller than at home; and if it had not been for the wonderful noise which went on inside the closed door of that low building on one side of the common, he could scarcely have endured this life.

But when he was seized with a strong feeling of melancholy with regard to his loneliness and the loss of Cissie's curls, he used to go to this door and press his little ear against it and listen to the wonderful whirring which went on within.

Once when Uncle Hal was looking a little more genial than usual he ventured to describe the noise, and to ask what it meant; but Uncle assured him that he knew nothing about it; and a boy in the village, to whom he audaciously put the question, made a precisely similar reply.

Joe was in consequence, more curious than ever, and this curiosity helped to divert his sad little mind from graver topics.

One day the joyful tidings reached the little boy that Cissie was better, a week after she was able to sit up, and then she was even carried downstairs in her mother's arms; but Joe was not allowed to see her, and when he remembered that her curls were not only gone, but burnt, he scarcely cared to.

One day Uncle Hal went out as usual, but, not as usual, left his clasp knife behind him.

Joe had all a little boy's longing desire to possess a knife. He could not resist the temptation thus unexpectedly offered. He slipped Uncle Hal's knife into his pocket, and scampered out to play on the common as usual. On his way he met his father.

"Well, Joe," he said, stooping down and kissing him, "splendid news of Cissie!—she is getting on so well, and the doctor says you may come and play with her on Sunday."

"Why, that's to-morrow," said Joe.

"Yes, of course, that's to-morrow."

"And is her curls quite gone?" said Joe; "quite gone for ever and ever—and don't she fret about them?"

"Oh, no, she doesn't fret—nor do we. We have got Cissie herself—she is better than her curls."

Joe shook his head sorrowfully and ran off to stand by his favorite closed door.

The noise was going on as loud as ever; it sounded most musical, and most exasperatingly pleasant, and Joe stamped his little feet with impatience—what would he not have given to get to the other side of that fast-shut door?

Suddenly, as he peered about him, and looked up and down to the right and left, he discovered that there was a knot in the wood, just within his reach. Joe knew that knots were sometimes removed from pieces of wood, and that when this was done the space left bare formed a very convenient little peep-hole. He had once seen some big boys knocking out a knot of this kind, and looking into a house through their little peep-hole, and much enjoying what they saw.

Joe suddenly remembered with a feeling of rapture that he had got Uncle Hal's clasp knife in his pocket. It was a dangerous weapon for such little hands, but he managed to open one of the blades, and then he set to work busily, trying to extract the hard knot. He could not possibly have succeeded if the knot had not been loose already; but as it was, he suddenly, with one vigorous dive, pushed it right out of its place, and lo and behold! his peep-hole was made.

He was in such rapture that he quite forgot that his little hand was cut and bleeding; and he threw the knife on the ground and peeped with all his might.

What a sight he saw within! There was a man sitting on a bench in a full glory of sunshine, which streamed in through a large window; his hands were moving rapidly backwards and forwards—whirr, whirr went the noise, and at his feet lay quantities of golden curls.

"Oh, look at them—look at them!" shouted little Joe; "oh, ain't they just as good as Cissie's!—oh, what wouldn't I give for a handful of them?"

He shouted so loud that the man, notwithstanding his occupation, heard him, and throwing down his carpenter's tools, he came up to the door and unbarred it.

"Well, what are you after, you little chap?" he said.

"Curls, golden curls!" gasped Joe. "Oh, she's are cut off—oh, ain't yours beautiful! I didn't know as curls could be made."

"You can have a handful," said the man; "come in and fetch them and be quick about it—I want to get on with my work."

When Joe met Cissie on Sunday afternoon he was no longer unhappy at all that wealth of golden hair being gone.

"Look, look, Cis!" he said, opening his great bundle of carpenter's shavings, "ain't they lovely; and I think there are hundreds of them here—more than ever you had on your head, Cis. Oh, who would have thought when they heard that whirring noise which was going on inside the shed, that golden curls were being made, Cis!"

THE SPEED OF TRAINS.—There is not one person in one hundred of the millions who travel on railroads in the course of a year who has any idea of the speed of a train. A large per cent. or even the regular trainmen of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running.

Frequently engineers are dispatched on a trip over a line of railroad with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry a speed indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variation from their orders.

The majority of engineers use their driving wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running.

Another method is to time the run between mile posts, and still another is to make calculations from the number of telegraph poles passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country and where four or five wires are used, are spaced so that they are thirty to a mile.

If only a single wire is used they are spaced from twenty-five to twenty-eight to the mile. The most accurate method, and the one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail joints the train passes over in twenty seconds.

The rails in nearly all cases are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour a train is running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail joint in twenty seconds the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.

THE MOON-MAN.—The Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and girl bearing a pail of water between them, whom the moon once caught up in her horns and carried off into the heavens—a legend current also in Icelandic mythology.

A German tale says that a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man because he strewed briars one Sunday morning in the church path, the woman for making butter on the same day. The Dutch have it that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables.

The natives of Ceylon have a hare instead of a man in the moon, the hare having achieved that high honor by jumping into a fire to roast himself for the benefit of Buddha.

The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon is figured by a beautiful woman with a double sphere behind her head and a rabbit at her feet.

An Australian legend say the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with some one else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since.

Among the Esquimaux the sun is a maiden and the moon is her brother; and the Kalmucks of Himalaya says that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots.

The Malays believe that the moon is a woman and the stars are her children, whereas in South America they cap this story by the assertion that the moon is a man and the sun his wife.

FLOWERS OF THE COLD.—The polar flowers seldom have any perfume, and the few that exhibit this delightful quality, however feeble, are, probably, from that class that have crept over the cold border marked by the Arctic circle; or, in short, none of the fifty mentioned—Eskimo flowers we might call them in a popular way—have any appreciable color. The color of these boreal blossoms is generally of the cold tints, as if in harmony with the chilly surroundings. Instead of the warm hues that would speak of heat, the dissolution would double effect by a great contrast where so few cheering sights are to be seen. White and light yellow predominate, and these colors seem associated with frosts and cold weather, for it appears that those flowers we call "everlastings," and which are the longest that defy the nippings of the cold winter weather, are mostly tinted like the northern snows and yellow northern lights.

He who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the gifts of nature; while on the other hand, none can love God, nor his human brother, without loving all things which his Father loves.

LOOSE-STRIFE

BY G. HARRIDEN.

The flowers are marshalled for the fight,
  Along the river's winding banks
For many a mile, with weapons bright,
  Are gathered thick their endless ranks.

Wielding a war-club in his hand
  The reed-mace leads his host along,
The bulrush brings his giant bands
  A hundred thousand lances strong.

Encircled by her native spears
  Where dancing wavelets lightly sound,
In state the flowering rush upreara
  Her royal head with roses crowned.

With broad round shield and casque of gold
  The yellow lily breasts the tide,
Like him who fought in days of old
  The famous fight by Tiber's side.

Along the river's oozy brim
  Throng more than may in verse be said,
In knots, in ranks, they stand, they swim—
  Sedge, sword-grass, spear-grass, arrow-head.

But as the tranquil waters glide
  They mirror still the tranquil hosts.
Hear they not all the summer-tide
  The gnat's small horn by river-coasts?

The rival ranks what spell has bound
  To loose their strife, bid anger cease?
Lo! springs up on the higher ground
  The purple-sceptred flower of peace.

WIFE SELLING.

The singular belief that a husband was able, with impunity, to part with his wife for a consideration, by public auction, seems to have prevailed among some people from a very early period.

The custom of selling and purchasing wives in England certainly can claim a very respectable antiquity, and, probably, is based upon the ancient laws of the Anglo-Saxons. If a freeman took away the wife of a freeman, he was to pay his full weregeld, to buy another wife for the injured husband, and delivered her at his home.

In an old deed, dated 1302, John de Camoys, son and heir to Sir Ralph de Camoys, "delivered, and yielded up, of his own free will, to Sir William de Paynel, his wife, Margaret de Camoys, and likewise gave and granted to the said Sir William all goods and chattels of which the said Margaret was possessed, and consented and granted that the said Margaret should abide and remain with the said Sir William, during his pleasure." This deed was sought to be legalized by the Parliament of that year, but the lady not being a consenting party, legal sanction was refused.

In Edward the Sixth's reign, Parliament, by two Acts, had allowed priests to marry wives, and great numbers of the clergy had availed themselves of the liberty; but one of the first steps that Queen Mary took in re establishing the Catholic faith was to turn out of their livings all priests who had taken wives, and to divorce them.

In The Annual Register for 1773 are the following: "On the 31st of August, 1773, three men and three women went to The Bell Inn, in Edgbaston Street, Birmingham, and made the following entry in the Toll Book which is kept there: 'Samuel Whitehouse, of the parish of Willenhall, in the county of Stafford, this day sold his wife, Mary Whitehouse, in open Market, to Thomas Griffin, of Birmingham, value one shilling. To take her with all her faults.'"

Probably this last clause in the contract had a good deal to do with the very low price the lady produced. The account, however, goes on to state that "the parties were all exceedingly well pleased, and the money paid down, as well for the toll as purchase." The amount of the toll is not named.

In another case, extracted from an English paper of March 30th, 1796, the amount of the toll is stated, but the wife-market appears to have been in a very depressed condition, and to have fallen to a very low level at that time; unless, perhaps, she was notoriously a bad investment.

"John Lees, steel-burner, sold his wife for the small sum of six-pence to Samuel Hall, tell-monger, both of Sheffield. Lees gave Hall one guinea immediately to have her taken off to Manchester the day following by the coach. She was delivered up with a halter round her neck, and the clerk of the market received fourpence for toll."

An exceedingly curious arrangement in regard to wife-barter, occurs in The Gentleman's Magazine for 1764, where it is stated that a man and his wife falling into conversation with a grazier at Parkham Fair, in Norfolk, the husband offered him his wife in exchange for an ox, provided he would let him choose one out of his drove. The grazier accepted the proposal, and the wife readily agreed to it. Accordingly they met the next day, when she was delivered to the grazier, with a new halter round her neck, and the husband received the bullock, which he afterwards sold for six guineas.

Another instance is taken from The Public Advertiser, of September 19th, 1768: "On Thursday last, a publican in Shoreditch sold his wife for a ticket in the present lottery, on condition if it be drawn a blank, he is to have his wife again as soon as the drawing of the lottery is over." In this case, nothing is said about the lady's feelings as to this transfer and retransfer.

There is a case recorded by The Farmer's Journal, May 5th, 1810, in which it is pleasurable to notice that the biter got bit in a way almost dramatic. The scene was laid in a village in Cumberland, where a young man, who was not on good terms with his wife, resolved to dispose of her by auction; and the lady, seemingly, acquiesced in the arrangement; but her feminine quickness of wit had prepared a pit for her lord and master.

Not being able to find a purchaser in the place where they resided, she persuaded him to proceed to Newcastle for that purpose. Accordingly they set out, and this modern Delilah laid her plan so well that immediately on his arrival, a press-gang conveyed him on board a frigate preparing for a long cruise.

The value of a wife seems to have been mostly held in light esteem, for one was sold at Gloucester, by auction in 1841, for half-a-crown, and it is recorded that the purchaser frequently congratulated himself on his "bargain."

Even in a commercial sense he could well afford to be jubilant, for the "lot," was attired in a new white bonnet and a black gown, the usual ornament in the way of a halter being included, which was not bad consideration for his money, let alone the lady's charms.

In the year 1859, another instance of this moral degradation was furnished by the town of Dudley, where hundreds of people were assembled in the street one evening to attend a wife sale. The first bid was three-halfpence and ultimately reached six-pence. Her husband, in his ignorance, thought that after the ceremony had been repeated three times, she actually had no claim upon him.

The Annual Register for 1832 gave an account of a singular wife sale. Joseph Thomson, a farmer, after a brief married life of three years, finding that the union was irksome, agreed with his wife to separate. Acting upon the prevalent notion that by putting his spouse up at auction, and so parting with her, the marriage-bonds were legally unloosened, he came to Carlisle with her, and by the bellman announced the sale. After waiting about an hour, Thomson knocked down the "lot" to one Henry Mears for twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog, and the parties separated, being mutually pleased with their bargain.

Grains of Gold.

Kindred weaknesses induce friendships as often as kindred virtues.

To destroy the ideas of immortality of the soul, is to add death to death.

Men that make envy and crooked malice nourishment do bite the best.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

We deceive and flatter no one by such delicate artifices as we do ourselves.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

It is success that colors all in life; success makes fools admired, makes villians honest.

Observe thyself as thy greatest enemy would do; so shalt thou be thy greatest friend.

It is his nature's plague to spy into abuses; and oft his jealousy shapes faults that are not.

Though not always called upon to condemn ourselves, it is always safe to suspect ourselves.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without himself.

Femininities.

McGregory, Ia., has a young ladies' boat club, duly officered and uniformed.

Envy is like a fly that passes all a body's soundest parts and dwells upon the sores.

Despite the name, methinks it will be seen, Grass widows, as a rule, are far from green.

A New York woman recently appeared at the theatre wearing a blue silk waistcoat with gold dollars for buttons.

An expensive lace pin is a gold tambourine, on which the bells are represented by alternate diamonds and sapphires.

Letters of condolence should not be written on black-edged paper unless the writer should be in mourning.

Before the middle of the seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and it was entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

A Charlotte Harbor, Fla., lady has a small green frog, with its home in the calyx of a lily in her room. The little fellow is quite a pet.

An Atchison, Kan., woman did a big washing the other day, cooked dinner and whipped a child, and then fell dead from over-exertion.

At Ordway, Dak., a wedding was postponed because the bridegroom was engaged in a game of base ball and would not quit the game.

The cooking school lectures are closed until fall to allow the pupils to experiment on the new compounds and give the dyspeptics a chance to recover.

A lady appeared on Regent street, London, lately, with a hat described as "two feet high, surmounted by an eagle's feather, making an additional foot."

The largest flower known is the Rafflesia, a native of Sumatra. It measures 3 feet in diameter, weighs 15 pounds, and has a calyx holding 6 quarts. The odor is offensive.

Fair haired women are at a slight discount in the matrimonial market. Statistics would seem to show that brunettes are more successful in obtaining husbands in the proportion of about three to two.

Conversation between a mistress and her servant: "Did you tell the ladies I was not at home?" "Yes, ma'am." "And what did they say?" "They said, ma'am, as how it was terrible lucky."

Hostess: "Let me help you to some more salad, Mrs. Newcomb." Mrs. N.: "Just a little, please. (Thoughtfully.) I wish you would let me have some of your recipes; all mine are so rich, you know."

"Women are variable as April weather," say the Germans; "Women, wind and fortune soon change," say the Spaniards; while the English equivalent is "A woman's mind and April wind change oft."

"And they were all talking so unkindly of you, dearest Louise." "And what were they saying?" "Saying that you painted your face, and I told them it was untrue and that your color was only erysipelas."

Mrs. Robert Milligan, of Bridgeport, West Virginia, gave birth to her 25th child recently. The mother is 46 years old, and was married at the age of 14. Her children, 21 of whom are living, include five sets of twins.

Whip stocks, swords, scimitars and canes are favorite backgrounds for the tiny watches in pocket books and card cases. Match-boxes with small timekeepers on one side are made in plain patterns of silver and gold.

"This I always religiously observed, as a rule, never to chide my husband before company nor to prattle abroad of miscarriages at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up than when once it has taken air."

"Have you seen Mrs. H.'s new diamonds?" queried a female caller of her friend? "Yes, indeed, and I should think she would be ashamed of them; they are not larger than peas, and did you notice the flaws in both of them as big as hickory nuts?"

"Mamma," asked little Edith, "be all grown folks hateful?" "Why, Edith," replied her mother, "what put that idea in your head?" "Nothing, mamma, only I know everybody who comes here is hateful, 'cause I've always heard you say so after they went away."

As two young women walked along an Indianapolis street the other day one of them stepped upon and ignited a parlor match. Instantly the dresses of both were blazing, and only the very prompt action of their escort prevented the young women from being seriously burned.

First young lady: "Do you know that Julia Gawkie had two offers last week?" Second young lady: "Nonsense! I don't believe it." N. Y. L.: "But it's a fact, she had. On Saturday Charlie Boodle offered her his hand and fortune, and on Wednesday he offered to let her off her engagement."

Harkins, an art critic: "That street scene is a marvellously fine piece of work, Duncan." Duncan, who knows nothing about art: "I call it wretched." Harkins: "Why?" Duncan: "As far as you can see up the street there isn't one woman looking back to see what another has on. The artist never saw a city."

Queen Christina, of Spain, has a mania for being photographed in company with her children. A recent picture presents a most charming family group. It represents the queen regent pouring tea at table, the baby king in his high chair at her side, and the two infants looking demure and beautiful in their plain white dresses.

Angelina Fuzwilliams: "I hopes, mum, as I sha'n't be expected to carry up no coal, nor make no beds, nor black no boots." Mistress: "Oh, most certainly not. I shall carry up the coal and make the beds myself. And my husband, of course, blacks the boots, and would be most happy to give yours a rub if you leave them outside your door where he can get them."

Masculinities.

Patience and time do more than strength or passion.

John Bright was never at any school a day after he was 15.

The great Cromwell left the University of Cambridge at 18.

Less argument and more work will make any person better off.

On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise.

The average time of 3,000 New York business men at their down-town luncheons is 5 minutes.

A horticultural paper seriously proposes that all Londoners should grow strawberries on the tops of their houses.

In Kentucky. Runaway couple, to minister: "Will you join us?" Minister: "Thanks I don't care if I do."

A Christian should not discover that he has enemies by any other way than by doing more good to them than to others.

It is as bad form in England to wear a derby hat with a frock or cutaway coat as it is to wear a high hat with a jacket.

If the world were willing to accept most men at their own valuation it would have to go into involuntary bankruptcy in a fortnight.

An Illinois man who started through a passenger train taking a straw vote on President, fell between two of the cars and was killed.

Irate mistress: "Don't you ever sweep under the bed, I'd like to know?" Calm chambermaid: "I always do. I prefer it to a dustpan."

To know a man, observe how he wins his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us—when we succeed, it betrays us.

Some men are more beholden to their bitterest enemies than to friends who appear to be sweetness itself. The former frequently tell the truth, but the latter never.

It is amusing to hear a man who made his first ten thousand by a mere accident in speculation now whine over the want of business tact in the young men of the present day.

She: "Sir, what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" He: "Do you object?" She: "Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm."

Meat makes muscle. The Italians, fed on polenta and macaroni, must live on meats for months on coming to this country before they can compete with the stevedores of New York in handling cargoes.

Persistent talker: "When we know what great enjoyment we give our fellow-men by our conversation we don't mind the trouble. You ought just to see the delighted faces of my audience when I stop talking!"

It has been said in praise of some men that they could talk whole hours together upon anything; but it must be owned to the honor of the other sex that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing.

She—"Do you love me, darling?" He—"What in blazes do you want to interrupt me for when I am just adding up a column of figures? Of course, I love you! Confound it all! now I've got to add that whole column up over again."

A sensitive man out West, according to a newspaper paragraph, is trying to get a divorce from his wife on the ground that she did not "manifest sympathy for him and appear in his behalf" during his recent trial on a charge of murder.

Jeweler, to young man exchanging a ring for cuff buttons: "Didn't the young lady like the ring, sir?" Young man, mournfully: "She didn't have a chance. It struck me that a ten-dollar ring was too expensive for a mere sister-to-you sort of a girl."

Conversation augments pleasure and diminishes pain by our having shares in either; for silent woes are greatest, as silent satisfaction least; since sometimes our pleasure would be none but for telling of it, and our grief insupportable but for a friend to tell it to.

"John," said the wife tenderly, "promise me that if I should be taken away you will never marry Nance Tarbox." "Certainly, Maria," replied the husband, reassuringly; "I can promise you that. She refused me three times when I was a much handsomer man than I am now."

Chinese proverbs: "It is needless to use a battle-axe to cut off a hen's head." "Never climb a tree to catch a fish." "A fair wind raises no storm." "Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man can never be satiated." "Do not fear the powerful; he who looks at the sun is dazzled."

Woman is the equal of man, but while cheerfully recognizing this fact, we cannot help wondering why it is that, when a woman has shouted for half an hour to her boy to come into the house and found herself powerless to make any impression upon him, she usually winds up with, "If you don't come here this minute, young man, I'll send your father to you."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel, as he returned his glass to the counter, "the true soldier is never averse to discipline. No matter how objectionable orders from a superior officer may be, they must be obeyed promptly and without question. The true soldier never—" "Pa," said the colonel's little boy, opening the door, "ma says to come home right away." "Gentlemen," said the colonel, "good-day."

The King of Spain is a constant source of disturbance in the Royal Palace at Madrid. A few days ago he was lost for hours, and, as has been related, was finally found in a cupboard. Not long after he was taking his midday repast of bread and milk. Not liking the flavor of the milk, he suddenly seized the dish and poured the contents over the nurse who was feeding him. Then his Majesty laughed in a mocking, haughty way and ran off to play with his toys.

Recent Book Issues.

Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York, have just issued "The Monks of Thelema," "This Son of Vulcan," "By Celia's Arbor," and "With Harp and Crown," by the great English authors, Besant and Rice. These four works complete the first six of the magnificent Library Edition this house is now engaged in putting before the American public. Since Dickens, probably, no writers on the other side of the ocean have attained the popularity of this duo, and we question whether any better deserved it. The stories of Besant and Rice depart from many of the conventional ruts of novel-making, and almost always with the effect of lasting improvement, or at least enjoyable novelty. Read either as the product of lively imaginations, as probable and possible pictures of real life, as studies of the human heart and human passions, or so much fiction put together for no higher purpose than mere pastime, their books are fresh, original, pure, entertaining, and powerful. They vary perhaps in possessing different degrees of these several excellences, but there is not a story from their pen that will not more than repay the reader in its always good plot, striking characters, fine humor or absolute wit, and its genial sarcasm. While too many works are like going by railway over a straightly-marked and often-travelled road, those of Rice and Besant have the breezy freedom and unconventional charm of a trip through a pleasant country where every turn gives views both pleasant and new. "The Monks of Thelema" are by no means a religious order. They represent an association of cultured ladies and gentlemen who agree to live up to "the higher thought, the nobler aim, the truer method"; and the way in which these people, with the best intentions, seek the most impossible channels whereby to translate their ideas into action forms the basis and intention of the tale. "By Celia's Arbor"—the trysting place of the young lovers—gathers around the brave and handsome Leonard, the dreamy, poetical hunchback, Ladislas Pulaski, and the sweet Celia Tyrrell. It deals with the last insurrection in Poland, and in many ways is a tale of wondrous strength. "With Harp and Crown" is of a noble woman's sacrifice, and the hope of the crown of Love hereafter she denied herself for others here. "This Son of Vulcan," is a wierd story in which the sorrows caused by drink enter largely, is perhaps the most dramatic as it is certainly one of the best of all. We can commend these books to everyone. Splendidly bound and printed, octavo size. Price $1.50 per volume. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June number of the *Eclectic* offers many features of interest. The opening paper of Prince Krapotkin, the nihilist and socialist, is "The Breakdown of the Industrial system." There is an exceedingly interesting paper on the "Central African Question." The "Anglo-American Copyright Question" is very ably discussed from the English standpoint. Miss Christian's "Recollections of Charles Dickens" will be read with great interest. Mr. John Addington Symonds is represented by a brilliant and suggestive essay on "Caricature, the Fantastic, the Grotesque." Mr. Maccoll has a thoughtful study of "Islam and Christianity." Prof. Richard Proctor talks about the "Everlasting Hills." Oscar Browning's article on "The Art of George Eliot" is written in both a critical and appreciative spirit. There are several poems, among which may be mentioned Swinburne's "The Tyneside Widow," and Alfred Austin's "A March Minstrel." Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York.

The *Magazine of American History* for June completes the nineteenth volume of this excellent publication. The frontispiece is a miniature portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Robertson. "The Conquest of the Mayas," the third article in the series on Yucatan, is copiously illustrated. Dr. G. E. Manigault contributes the "Military Career of Gen. George Izard," with a portrait of the subject of the sketch. "Popular Government in Virginia," "Personal Recollections of Wm. H. Seward," "Incidents in the Life of John Hancock," and "An Englishman's Pocket Note Book in 1828," are all readable papers of permanent value. "Historic and Social Jottings" contain interesting items about Sir Joshua Reynolds and his rivals, Gainsborough and Romney, the Dakota Indians, and Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon's thrilling adventures in Yucatan. Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and all the minor departments are crowded with important facts and choice reading. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The completed novel in the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, who has won fame for her short stories, and is entitled "Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke." It is replete with lively incidents and bright conversation, and presents some fine character sketching. There is also a good variety of other matter. Louise Imogen Guiney gives a keen "Little Treatise on Plagiarisms;" Henry Doone contributes an interesting short story entitled "The Yellow Shadow;" J. M. Oakley furnishes a stirring sketch, "From Libby Prison to Freedom;" Judge Tourgee's "With Gauge and Swallow" has a generous instalment; there are several good poems, timely Monthly Gossip and Table talk, etc. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Poxoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

STRANGE TRAVELS.

IT is most strange to travel in a hermetically sealed vessel under water; to be fastened up as securely as are the contents of a can of meats; and within an iron prison, to move about with the fishes. This kind of travel is more even than the ordinary diver accomplishes.

He, at least, is fed, by means of a tube, with air from the surface. There is always a connection between him and the upper world. He is still linked with humanity.

But the year before last, when I took a brief and uncomfortable cruise in the submarine torpedo boat Nautilus I felt that I had temporarily severed myself from my species and developed into a new kind of animal.

The Nautilus lay beside the quay. All that was visible of her looked very much like the back of a small floating whale, save for the fact that in the centre of this back there arose a little iron structure shaped some like the cover of a manhole of a locomotive engine.

This structure open at the top; and, with some others, I descended through it into the bowels of the new monster.

I found myself in a kind of long narrow passage that seemed to be crowded with machinery. I need not explain what all the machinery was for: it is enough to say that the object of some of it was to provide means for forcing in and out of the sides of the vessel several hollow iron cylinders, which according to their position caused the boat to sink or rise.

When all was ready, the vessel, which was propelled by screws worked by stored electricity, was steered into the middle of the dock, the cover of the manhole was shut down, the side cylinders were pulled in and we began to descend.

There were six or seven of us; there was no room in which to move about, and we had only the limited supply of air that filled our cramped chamber. I looked through a glass scuttle which was on a level with my eyes. The water outside looked exactly like the worst kind of fog.

The interior of the boat was lighted by electricity, or we should have been in darkness. Still further down we went, and the hue of the water grew deeper, until at last it was as black as night.

Suddenly we stopped. The tell-tale showed us that we were thirty feet below the surface; but we had all believed that the dock was deep enough for us to descend forty feet. We were, however at the bottom.

It was then that the critical moment came. We wanted to rise again; and to rise again we had to push out our cylinders, and so increase our size, but unfortunately we were stuck fast in the mud at the bottom of the dock, and the cylinders wouldn't move. I don't mind confessing that it was a very disagreeable position.

There we were thirty feet under water; half wet through owing to condensation of the moisture; with only sufficient air to keep us alive for a short time, and working energetically at the machinery which ought to have forced out the fateful cylinders. Already the violent exertion in the foul, hot atmosphere was telling upon some of us.

I remember that I began to wonder how long would elapse before our bodies were recovered, and which of us would die first; and when, at last—after minutes which seemed almost as many hours—the machinery moved a little, I could have cheered if I had enough breath to cheer with.

We came up with a rush; and when the manhole was once more opened and the cold air once more played upon my face, I felt as if nothing on earth would tempt me to repeat the experience.

Yet I did repeat part of it: I went down again that same day. But that time the Nautilus did not stick into the mud.

Another of my strange travels was performed over a ravine in the mountains of comparatively little known part of Lower California.

The link that connected the cliffs on each side of the gorge was a a grass rope, along this a kind of basket worked backwards and forwards. The half-breed who was with me went over first. I then pulled back the empty basket by means of a cord which was attached to it, and put my baggage into it. The half-breed pulled this over to his side; I again drew back the basket; and finally he pulled me cross.

The distance traversed was probably no more than eighty yards; but the rope was so slack that, after one had reached the centre or lowest portion of it, progress up the other side became very laborious. The half-breed pulled on his cord, and I worked with my hands, and it wasn't pleasant to hear the basket cracking and creaking and to look down to the rocks that projected above the stream a hundred feet beneath. Crossing that gorge occupied us nearly two hours.

Less than a month afterwards I heard at Patrocinio that the rope had given way, and that a man and his wife, who had attempted to cross together, had been dashed to pieces.

This kind of travelling could have been, I daresay, enjoyed in many countries a thousand years ago; but there is a strangeness about it in the nineteenth century that cannot have characterized it in the ninth. Nowadays one expects roads and bridges of some sort almost everywhere; and when one reaches a country where they are as few as there are in Lower California, the experience is decidedly curious.

I need say nothing about traveling in a balloon, for every one must have read of it: nor of traveling on camel-back, a mode of progression which I once had to adapt myself to for four successive days, under a broiling Tripolitan sun. I must, however, declare my opinion that, for one who is unaccustomed to it, camel-riding is about as trying a performance as is possible to imagine.

After those four days I was blistered and bruised to such a degree that I scarcely cared to lie down, dead tired though I was: for a camel jolts you until you are sick and sore and giddy; and it is only after considerable practice that you can ride the beast and preserve a whole skin. The camel moreover is a particularly vicious and annoying animal, and if he doesn't happen to have taken a fancy to you, he soon lets you know it in some way or other.

I speak of the wretch as I found him. It is only fair to add that some people give him a slightly better character. Yet, at his best he is an uncomfortable thing to sit upon.

HOW THE BIBLES WERE CHOSEN.—A contemporary thus describes a curious ceremony, which is said to have taken place recently in the parish church of St. Ives, Hampshire, England: "On a table in the church at the chancel steps were placed six Bibles, and near them a box and three dice. Six boys and six girls, solemnly watched over by the vicar and a crowd of parishioners, threw dice each three times to see which should have the six Bibles. Three went to the boys and three to the girls. The highest throw was made by the smallest girl, thirty-seven.

This remarkable custom dates from 1678, when a certain clergyman bequeathed $2500, of which the yearly interest was to be spent in buying six Bibles, not to cost more than seven shillings and sixpence each, to be cast for by dice on the communion table every year by six boys and six girls of the town. A piece of ground was bought with the money, and is now known as Bible Orchard.

The legacy also provided for the payment of ten shillings each year to the vicar for preaching a sermon commending the excellency, perfection, and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures.

The will of the eccentric doctor was exactly observed, and for more than 200 years dice were regularly cast upon the communion table. Lately a table erected on the chancel steps was substituted, the Bishop of the diocese having considered that the communion table was not for throwing dice."

THE GLORY OF WOMAN.—Young girls of the present day completely destroy their hair by crimping it with irons and twisting it up tightly with thick hard hairpins. This treatment may make the hair look pretty for the time being; but no thought is given as to the ultimate result and the appearance it will present a few years hence.

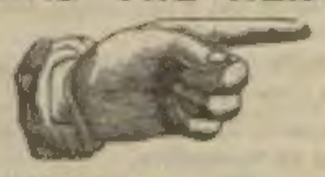
The hair should be well brushed every night and morning with a moderately hard brush—brushes made of short unbleached bristles are the best—and on retiring to rest the hair should be drawn back lightly over the ears, plaited in one long plait, and allowed to hang down the back; it should not be fastened up with hairpins, nor should any cap or covering be worn on the head. This method makes the hair light and glossy without the aid of oils or pomades which are best avoided.

The fewer hairpins and ties used in dressing the hair the better, and twisted hairpins are injurious. It not well to continue the same style of dressing the hair for too long a period as that is apt to make it thin in some places; a change is a relief to the head and otherwise advisable. Cutting the hair occasionally is necessary, and should not be neglected. M. S.

THE FUTURE.—The future can never be divorced from the past. It is indeed the inevitable outcome of it. We cannot close up the record of the years behind us as if they had not been, and open a fresh and new one bearing no relation to those that preceded it. What has been sown will be reaped, and thus, by reviewing the time that is gone, we may attain some degree of knowledge of that which is yet to come. And, as the farmer, through his successes and his failures, learns how better to prepare his soil and to select his seed, so may we learn from time to time the lessons of experience.

MONEY is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.

READ THE NEXT ☞



COLUMN ARTICLE. ☜

OTHERS BESIDES OURSELVES.—There are over 1,450,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because, perhaps, ten persons in a crowd of 1,450,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realise every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant-hill of important fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the people around him.

THE CIRCUS.

The name circus was first applied by the Romans to the circular inclosures wherein their games were performed; later it came to signify also the performances within these buildings.

The Circus Maximus, first built by Nero, was, when rebuilt by Trajan, capable of holding an audience of 500,000 people. Eight large circuses were built by the Roman Emperors, all of which are now heaps of ruins, if not wholly obliterated, except that of Caracalla, outside the city near the Appian Way, which is still in a fair state of preservation.

The sports of the Roman circus were largely made up of such combats as suited the taste of the warlike spectators. But they varied the monotonous spectacle of gladiatorial fights, and hand-to-hand struggles between wild beasts and men, with mimic sea-fights, and the baiting of crocodiles, in at least two of their circuses, which could be flooded with water at will. And in milder moods they had chariot races and performing of trained horses, wrestling matches, rope dancing and many other acrobatic feats.

When the Romans were in Great Britain they built several amphitheatres and introduced their favorite sports; but these did not seem to suit the taste of the Britons, for after the Romans had left the country, the buildings fell into disuse and decay, until, some two centuries later, the Anglo-Saxons put them to service in their favorite amusement of bull or bear baiting.

The circus proper, including especially equestrian with acrobatic and gymnastic performances, seems to have been an unknown thing until the eighteenth century.

The popular amusements of mediæval times were processions, passion plays, and animal fairs, the sober business of buying and selling at these latter places being enlivened with side shows of monstrosities or a wild animal or two. The nearest approach to circus performances at this time was given by the "glee men," dancing bears, and performing horses. Some of these "glee men" were also tumblers and jugglers, and occasionally rope dancers.

The first circus established on the modern plan was that of Philip Astley, at Lambeth, London, about 1770. Astley was born in 1742, was the son of a cabinet-maker, and on reaching manhood entered a cavalry regiment. He was over six feet in height, with the proportions of a Hercules, and possessed of great fearlessness.

In the army, he learned many feats of horsemanship, and on his discharge was given a handsome steed by his general as a reward for his bravery in capturing a flag at the battle of Emsdorff. He bought another horse, went to Lambeth, formed his first ring with a rope and stakes, and there exhibited his skill in riding and leaping, going round after the performance to collect the loose half-pence of the admiring spectators.

After this he built a rude circus on a piece of ground near Westminster Bridge, on the site of the present building there, which has borne his name for more than a century, and will probably bear it for several centuries to come.

Only the seats of this first structure were roofed over, the performers' ring being in the open air. Astley now hired several other performers, and, after his return from the army, married a young woman who entered with ardor into his work, and also went into the ring, being the first female equestrian known.

The present structure used to be one of the finest of the kind in the world, and its fame was world-wide, for no visitor in London was ever satisfied until he had seen "Astley's." After Astley's time, other circuses were started, and by the opening of the nineteenth century, and ever since, this show has been known as a legitimate and highly popular amusement, both in America and England.

SURGEON GEN'L W. A. HAMMOND says we can each prolong our life if we learn the secret thereof. *WHAT IS THIS SECRET?* If you soak a sponge in oil, the sponge will have in it all the peculiarities of the oil. So every organ in the body contains all the peculiarities of the blood. If the kidneys, the *only* blood purifiers, do not clean the blood of the waste of the system, then the various organs will give out and you will have *RHEUMATISM, MALARIA, HEADACHES, AGUE, CHILLS AND FEVER, IMPOTENCY, BLADDER DISEASES, LAME BACK, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, BAD EYES, STOMACH TROUBLES, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, APOPLEXY, PARALYSIS* and in women *FEMALE TROUBLES.* The secret of good health then lies in *keeping the kidneys well.* If you don't, you can't cure any of the above diseases. They may not suspect it, but eight persons out of every ten have some form of kidney derangement. The only scientific blood purifier is the famous **WARNER'S SAFE CURE,** which not only cures kidney diseases, but the *majority of ailments* which really come from unsuspected kidney disease.

Humorous.

THE TABLES TURNED.

When the snow was falling
At a rate appalling,
And the drifts were piled in the rural lanes,
And the weather wizards
Predicted blizzards,
And travel was hindered on cars and trains,

When bitter Boreas
Was wild, uproarious,
And fences shattered and orchards rent,
And men wore ear muffs,
And ladies dear muffs,
We guyed the suburban resident.

Now the brooks are singing,
And the violets springing,
And the lilacs scenting the rural lane,
The groves canorous
With the song birds' chorus,
And the lambkin skips on the greening plain,

The landscapes gay are,
And the roses of Rome are
Adorning the gardens of country homes;
All nature fair is,
And pure the air is
Where the yearling calf through the meadow roams,

And city dwellers
In flats and cellars
And high in populous tenements pent,
'Midst smells unpleasant,
No more at present
Will guy the suburban resident.

—U. N. Nonn.

A crusty dame—Mother Earth.

The face of a check is its fortune.

Coming to grief—Meeting trouble half way.

Sweet meets—The reunion of girl graduates.

Hard thing to sharpen — The water's edge.

A drum full of sound without beating—The drum of the ear.

Very few persons can hold their own on their first sea voyage.

If the gallows is the instrument of death, what is the accordeon?

A school-boy recently defined the word "barnacle" as "a tramp who sleeps in a barn."

Why is there never such a thing as one whole day?—Because every day begins by breaking.

Ada: "I had ten offers of marriage last week." Eda: "How monotonous and persistent of Jack!"

"Mamma, what relation is cousin Jessie to me?" "She is your first cousin." "Is she? Who is my last cousin?"

A recent philosopher discovers a method to avoid being dunned. "How?—how?—how?" everybody asks. Never run in debt.

"Boys, these days," remarked a newsboy, as he picked up the stump of a cigar and puffed away at it, "begin where the grown people leave off."

"Did you ever back a horse, Jones?" "Only once, Smith." "Did you win?" "I lost a hundred dollars. I backed him into a shop window."

"Well, old fellow, it's all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope?" "Count upon me; I never desert a friend in misfortune."

A Montana man had a valuable mare stolen from his stable. In advertising his loss he says: "I will give the mare and $50 cash for full and reliable particulars regarding the funeral of the thief."

Pat's experience of champagne: "Champagne is a most desayitful sort of dhrink. Shure, whin I thought that I was comfortably dhrunk for the rest of the evenin', I found that in an hour I was intirely sober!"

A little fellow had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said, "I couldn't find a switch, mamma; but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Cook, on the day after her arrival: "Please, mum, I am a bit fiery at times, and when I am fiery, I'm apt to be a bit rough-spoken, but you needn't let that put you about. With a little present now and then you can allus bring me round again."

"Yes, sir," he said proudly, "I began life a barefooted boy, and see where I am now!" "Yes, you are well up; but you had a big advantage at the start." "How so?" "You began your life a barefooted boy. The rest of us began as barefooted babies."

"Come, John, get up," said his mother, briskly; "it's 7 o'clock! You said you would get up at 7." "I know it," acquiesced sleepy John; "but it was last night when I said it. It's easy enough to get up early the night before!" and he turned over and went to sleep again.

He had been walking up and down the room with the baby for two hours. "John," said his wife from among the pillows, "you don't look very well of late. I'm afraid you don't get exercise enough." John laid the baby in the crib, with its feet on the pillow, and went to sleep.

A Paisley man, visiting Glasgow, much admired the statue of Sir John Moore, which is an erect figure. Soon afterward he brought another Paisley man to see the statue; but, not being topographically posted, he stared at the statue of James Watt, which is in a sitting attitude. Feeling somewhat puzzled as to the identity of what he saw before him with what he recollected to have seen, he disposed of the difficulty by exclaiming, "Odds, man, he's sat down since I saw him last."

A FEW PULPIT VAGARIES.

Whilst recognizing the noble part the pulpit has taken in the reformation of the world and education of the people, it must be admitted that it has been occasionally the scene of humorous incidents, some of which, perhaps without irreverence, it may be permissible to recall.

Possibly the greatest number of pulpit recollections hang upon misquotations and misplacement of terms.

Only recently, a minister declared "it was impossible for any man by thought to add one stature to his cubit"—a truth so important to his mind as to merit an impressive repetition.

Another minister affirmed, on the authority of the Scriptures, "Moses pulled off his feet, for the ground on which he stood was holy."

It was a curate who informed us that "Immediately Peter crew, the cock went out and wept bitterly."

Another pulpit orator, quoting from Job, gave out: "Skin for skin—as the old Patriarch said," leading us to infer that Satan was the progenitor of a family, in addition to being the father of lies.

A popular preacher speaking of Goldsmith's poor parson, told a crowded audience that "children plucked the coats of that good man's tail to share his kindly smile."

These children must have been a contrast to some others spoken about by one who, illustrating moral depravity, said he had "seen even little children that could neither walk nor talk run about the streets blaspheming."

A minister once commencing grandiloquently: "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message," paused, and thinking, somehow, it scarcely sounded right, he repeated: "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message."

Still querying the correctness of his version, and anxious to make it correct, he said again rather more slowly: "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message."

Seeing the puzzled and amused looks of his congregation, he hesitated once more, only to assume a determination that this time at anyrate there should be no mistake on this point, by saying very deliberately:

"My dear friends, some of you do not appear to sufficiently appreciate the full import of my quotation of a biblical fact; for the benefit of such, I will repeat it, and repeat it with emphasis—that "Jacob—sold his birthright—for a—pot—of—message."

Of all scriptural characters to whom special attention has been paid, not one has received more unremitting favor than the retrospective spouse of Lot, and we can understand the feeling of a long-suffering hearer who had heard the same minister preach nine times upon "Remember Lot's wife."

"Remember Lot's wife!" cried the afflicted hearer; "why, it is absolutely impossible for me ever to forget her."

"YANKEE" AND "YANKEE DOODLE."—An investigator has communicated to the members of the American Historic Genealogical Society the results of his investigation as to the origin of the term "Yankee" and the song "Yankee Doodle." His conclusion is that "Yankee" is a term of reproach or derision which was first used by the Dutch settlers to testify their dislike for their English rivals.

The first public use of the term which he has discovered was in 1725, when the sale of the effects of a gentleman at Morpeth was advertised, and these included "one negro, named Yankee." The tune "Yankee Doodle," though not used in America by the Americans till after the revolutionary war, was frequently played by the panes of British forces during the war. At the surrender at Yorktown the tune was played with a view to annoy the defeated British soldiers, and afterwards it became popular throughout America as a song of triumph.

DEBTS AND DUTIES.—Debts and duties would be nearly synonymous were it not that custom had associated the word "debt" so closely with money as to confine its use alone. Every duty is however really a debt—that is, something which we ought to pay. It may be money or it may be service, it may be justice or mercy, command or obedience, protection or friendship, reverence or love; whatever it may be that comes to us as an obligation to be met, or a duty to be performed, is also a debt that is owed, which a healthful conscience will not desire to repudiate.

As Thomas Dolan, of Boston, was crossing a street on Tuesday afternoon the shaft of a passing vehicle slipped under his chain and whipped out his timepiece. He jumped back to avoid being run over and immediately afterward searched for his watch, which had been abstracted from his pocket in so remarkable a manner. The timepiece, however, was not found. It was valued at $75.

NOTHING can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

A STUBBORN mind conduces as little to wisdom or even to knowledge, as a stubborn temper to happiness.

BIRDS' EGGS Indian Relics, Sea Shells, Minerals, Curiosities and Naturalists' Supplies. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices. Novelists free. Frank H. Lattin, Albion, N. Y.

DYER'S BRAND CLIXIR

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1888.

THE MERCHANDISE NEWS HERE IS ALWAYS FRESH and important. The entire store is a rich preserve for bargain seekers—only it's free to everybody.

Below are five or six items that show where Dress Goods prices have drifted. Ask for whatever you want—all in one boat.

All-wool, genuine, Henrietta, 40 in., 75c. Has been $1.

Clinging Cashmeres 37½c from 50. Price rises with the quality to $1.25.

Something new. Softness and delicacy of Challis without the figure—beauty. All the going colors, 65c, 75c and $1. Ask for plain Bengaline.

La Gloria. Another novelty. Albatross weave, crepy finish, 42 in., $1.

Albatross, 50c. You thought it cheap at 60c. And it was.

Quaint demure, captivating Challis, 50 and 62½c.

PRICES ARE JUST AS LOP-SIDED ALL THROUGH THE Cottons, too.

French Sateens. The wonder is how they can be so many so pretty and so different. 37½c.

Choice American Sateens—Peerless—12½c. New colors, new patterns.

Scotch Sarah Ginghams and Scotch Zephyr Checked Ginghams, 25c from 40.

Ginghams, gay and grave, 10 to 50c.

Chipper Chintzes, 12½c; Cool, Crisp Crepes, 12½c; Seersuckers 5 to 12½c; Prim Percales, 12½ to 15c.

IT'S A SASH RIBBON SEASON. PLAIN MOIRE, Satin Moire, Crown Moire are the leaders. Other sorts, to be sure, and we have them all. Here's a glimpse of the shriveled prices:

5-inch Crown Moire, $1. Satin Edge, $1.10.

7½-inch Satin and Gros Grain Stripe, 75c.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS FOR A SAMPLE COPY OF BOOK NEWS. If you have known BOOK NEWS, you will be gratified at its great improvement; if a stranger to you, you will be surprised at the quantity of "book news" for the subscription price—50 cents a year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Philadelphia.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

Proprietors, HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Phila'a.

EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving pain* instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.

Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*

INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, *Fluid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a boon to both *Physician and Patient.*

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the best DISINFECTANT known.

For Sale by Druggists and General Merchandise Dealers

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

LADY AGENTS clear $150 monthly, selling our Celebrated MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS. No experience required. Exclusive territory given. Illustrated catalogue free. $3 SAMPLE FREE to Agents.

LEWIS SCHIELE & CO.,
220 Broadway, New York.

Photos! "Beauties." 10c. each; 3 25c.; 13, $1; all different. J. W. PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

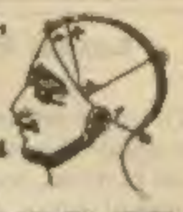
Photos 20 lovely full length beauties sent sealed, only 10c. 3 for 25c. West'n Supply Co., St. Louis, Mo

SEE HERE! Why not save one *half* on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Biz pay to agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

$230 A MONTH Agents Wanted, 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE,

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Mrs. N. B. De Saussure, for five years Assistant to the Lady Principal at Vassar College, will open the house No. 171 Joralemon Street, for the benefit of young ladies wishing to attend the sessions of the Packer Collegiate Institute, on or after September 15th, 1887.

In addition to the most approved sanitary conditions, and all modern improvements in heating and ventilation, the house presents superior advantages of location, being directly opposite the Institute, and within a few minutes walk of the Academy of Music, Historical Society Hall, the Mercantile Library, and leading churches of all denominations.

All household arrangements will be specially adapted to the maintenance of a quiet, orderly home life, and the furtherance of such arrangements as parents may desire to make for securing to their daughters the musical and literary advantages of the city.

Mr. H. E. Arnold, the well known pianist, will conduct the musical education of the young ladies, where no other preference exists.

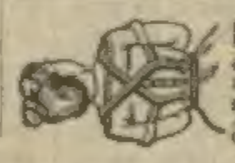
Terms, $600 per year, for board and tuition in any class of the Packer Institute; payable, $300 at the opening of the year, and $300 in the following March. No deductions will be made for absence from any other cause than protracted illness.

Music, practice periods, sittings in church and expenses of laundry, involve extra charges, which will in no case exceed cost. Sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes furnished by each scholar.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

T. J. BACKUS, LL. D., Packer Collegiate Institute.
REV. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D., Dover Plains, N. Y.
REV. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 44 Irving Place, N. Y.
Trustees of Vassar College.
MISS ABBY F. GOODELL, Lady Principal of Vassar College.
PROF. MARIA MITCHELL, Vassar College.
PROF. W. B. DWIGHT, Vassar College.
PROF. I. C. COOLEY, Vassar College.
PROF. H. VAN INGEN, Vassar College.
MISS LO BONNEY and DILLAYE, Ogonta, Pa.
REV. C. H. HALL, D. D., 157 Montague st., Brooklyn.
PROF. ROBT. R. RAYMOND, 123 Henry st., Brooklyn.
MR. WM. THAW, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WADE HAMPTON, Washington, D. C.
MR. W. P. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. H. L. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. F. J. PELZER, Charlestown, South Carolina.



LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment at $50 to $100 per month selling Queen City Suspenders. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 11 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O

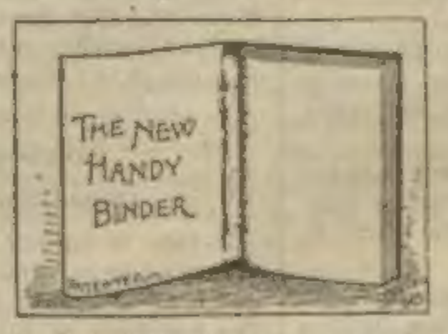
SENSIBLE WOMEN BUY for themselves and their growing daughters

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS

BEAUTIFULLY MADE. BEST MATERIALS. 'FERRIS' PATENT BUTTONS—won't pull off.

Thousands now in use by Ladies, Misses and Children. Every one recommends them. Sold by LEADING RETAILERS everywhere. Send for descriptive circular. FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers, 341 Broadway, New York.

"The Handy Binder" Free.



Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST, if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS" now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy or the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and conveniences of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. The "BINDER" apart from its usefulness in this respect is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The new trimmings of this season take you away altogether from the everyday aspects of dress, to the rich but subdued colorings of some gold grounded mosaic, in an Italian palace, or a tesselated pavement of the ancient Roman times, or the delicate tracery of some old stained glass window.

They are a delight, and they appeal to the innate sense of harmony which exists in every cultivated intelligence. When you examine them you wonder that so much ingenuity, so much time, patience, and research can be brought on anything so transitory as mere trimmings. If appropriated to clothing at all, they seem best suited to the rich Oriental robes of some Eastern Sultana whose garments are heirlooms.

Gold and tinsel of every delicate gradation of color play their part, as well as every conceivable tint, so well blended that they cease to individually assert themselves, and yet simply produce one harmonious tone.

Yet, with all the wealth of choice which exists in the new trimmings, many gowns for all occasions have none at all, and no mixture of material; for though plain and striped stuffs are worn with the plain material intermixed, it would seem to be far more fashionable to make the entire gown either of striped or the plain stuff alone.

So, in judging of the trimmings of the day we must bear in mind that fashion runs into two extremes of ultra simplicity and the most elaborate ornamentation.

Some of the new garnitures take the form of galons with perfectly straight edges—these predominate—or by the necessity of the design they are slightly irregular; that is, they project just sufficiently for the form of the scroll which constitutes the design.

Many of them are composed of sprays of flowers which can be used as a whole or broken up, and can be employed individually, as they often are on the pleats, revers, or ribbons of a dress; or for the crowns of bonnets, which now differ often from the and brims, are frequently formed of multi-colored guipure.

To appreciate the full beauty of the fashionable amalgamation of tinsel threads, it must be born in mind that they comprise not only gold, silver, and steel, but copper, light greens, light pinks, and heliotrope, indeed, almost every tone that can be produced in silk has its prototype in tinsel; so that, added to the delicate colorings of which silk is capable, the trimmings have an added charm of metallic brilliancy.

An example of this is the guipure borderie galon, made on a brown cotton foundation, concealed beneath the many-colored threads which are found necessary to produce the semblance of a narcissus bloom, stem, and leaves. They are apparently worked in the ordinary crewel outline stitch, made with several threads together of a copper tone for the stem; light blue, gold, and brown for the flowers and leaves with a dash of pink and other colors here and there.

It is glittering, but delicate tinted, and firm and strong of substance. Less original, but still equally fashionable, are a number of flowers and leaves with interstices, formed of very fine tinsel thread worked in tambour, outlining a tambour design of some one colored silk, matching the material on which it is to be employed. The tinsel varies; sometimes it is gold, and sometimes it is silver, sometimes steel, or bronze, or copper, and occasionally there is a tinsel flower.

This is also a divisable trimming, and is much used. Passementerie is likewise formed entirely of gold and steel, combined and alone.

Silver cord trimmings play their part, the silver wedding of the heir apparent having given a great impetus to the trade in silver.

Large bold patterns in conventional designs are carried out in the same bullion thread used on uniforms, and are equally costly.

Beads are losing their fashion, but still almost every kind of trimmings composed of jet, with no admixture of silk or other material visible are greatly in demand.

The metal laces are very novel in Torchon patterns work with gold and silver thread, instead of with silk or thread, and they are rich looking. They are being employed on the fronts and panels of skirts; laid on white cloth they form very elaborate vests to cloth gowns in turn with others, for all such waistcoats are moveable.

Etruscan applique trimmings in two or three colors, such as drab and pink, electric and pink, are used on those shot moires which combine all the changeful beauty of mother of pearl; and many of the straight galons, whether embroidered or interwoven with tinsel cord, are laid above the hem all around the skirts of both morning and evening gowns, or sometimes they simply edge the panels, when they are distinct from the dress.

To realise the exact nature of trimmings, it is necessary also to learn how they are applied. Sometimes in the corners of the side draperies and panels, square pieces of applique embroidery are introduced, composed of tinsel thread, heavy and massive, about 8 inches square, or an oblong in proportion, exactly like the ornamentation to be found in the corners of most ceilings where plaster ornamentation in relief is introduced; and the designs are of the same conventional nature.

For intrinsic beauty, one galon deserves special mention: straight, edged three inches deep, the ground a coarse gold canvas; in this is interwoven in the very finest texture, a design of leaves in two shades of grey silk with small red berries; the patterns vary but the make of the galon remains the same, and is always beautiful. Quite another class, but very successful in color, is a species of gimp 2 inches wide, straight at one edge slightly waved on the other, carried out in cordonnet, the edge appliqued on to silk; the tone, a mixture of pink heliotrope and grey, relieved by tinsel threads.

This is what is now technically called a cashmere mixture, but the term hardly conveys the effect,

Japanese patterns assert themselves in tinsel, and on successful canvas galons of tinsel thread are the groundwork for most natural-looking peacock feathers. Stiff circles, like wheels of gold cord united, form substantial trimmings, and, in colors, these are often interthreaded with ribbon.

Nearly all the more costly trimmings that are not canvas are guipure, viz., are entirely composed of a pattern with no groundwork. One of the best examples is a silk galon in two colors, standing out in bold relief, the patterns conventional scrolls like fine old ivory work.

Washing dresses are to be worn greatly this year, if the prophets are right, that this is to be a hot summer; and the chief desideratum is that they should be of such a nature as to last a long time without washing. Many new trimmings give this desirable result.

For example, the Mareaque worked in buttonhole stitch on a thick ground, in just the patterns of a certain kind of Venetian point and a new oatmeal cloth galon, worked in many colored silks, but these sink into insignificance beside some open worked straight edged galons, which have been introduced with the cotton embroidery gold, silver, red, and blue tinsel threads giving a wonderful effect with but little work.

They are made outside Paris on Swiss looms, and are used on round skirts and as panels. It is the shot effects introduced into all the range of trimmings which exactly match the new materials, and give so much importance to them.

The laces this year are neither ecrue or yellow, but just tea tinted—a soft and becoming tone.

Point de Geneso is one of the most useful kind of laces for ladies and children's dresses in white and tea-color, with a bobkin edge worked on a net foundation.

Point d'Irelande is a term applied to a firm, serviceable lace, which certainly does not come from the Emerald Isle. Valenciennes is cheaper and finer in quality. Blond and silk laces are used, and a white lace in Chantilly pattern is as pretty and durable as the black.

Odds and Ends.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

In case of injury or accident keep the wounded or injured person on a level as much as possible; be very, very gentle. The handiest of all stretchers is a large shutter or door, with a mattress or pillows on it. Or a plaid or blanket used as a hammock will do, or a net-hammock itself if one be handy.

While one party is carrying home, or to a druggist shop, the injured person, some one must be sent to procure surgical assistance.

The sooner surgical aid is got, the more chance of a speedy recovery will the patient have.

Be careful not to give brandy in injuries to the head. You might commit a fatal error!

The best way to distinguish a fracture from a dislocation is to find out by manipulation whether there is motion in the injured part. In dislocation the bone is immovably fixed.

Many dislocations can be treated successfully on the spot by the sufferer's friends.

Just a word about street accidents. Somehow or other, in such cases, one of the crowd usually turns out to be a surgeon; but if not, let one be speedily fetched. Meanwhile, ask the crowd, with all the respect due to crowds in the latter end of the nineteenth century, to stand back and give the patient air. Nothing is likely to make bad worse than a yelling crowd crying, "Do this," or "Do that," around an injured man.

There are three kinds of fractures: (1) The simple fracture, where there is simply a snapping of a bone in two without any wounding of the flesh or tissues that lie adjacent. (2) The compound or open fracture where there is a wound of the flesh caused by the broken end of a bone being thrust out through flesh and skin. (3) The comminuted or shattered fracture, where the bone or bones have been broken into several pieces.

In all cases of fracture, surgical aid must be had recourse to; the only thing justifiable by a layman, is to give the patient as much ease as possible before or after he has has been put on a stretcher. If a simple fracture, the limb may be gently extended. If a compound, the clothing over it should be ripped up the seam, and some attempt made to staunch the flow of blood by cold water and pressure.

If the fracture be not an open one, but seems comminuted, here again gentle extension may be had recourse to, and the clothing over it removed or ripped up, especially if at all tight.

While writing this paper I have hitherto been thinking more about fractures of the lower limbs than those of any other bones. But now supposing it is the fore arm or the humerus above the elbow that is broken, a stretcher here would be of less use than a cab or horse-conveyance to take the patient home or to hospital.

He will be faint; let him recline for a short time, giving support to the arm meanwhile. Let him have all the air possible; sprinkle the face with water, and rub the chest with brandy.

Then see to the arm. Rip the sleeves if you cannot remove the coat most gently. Now get a splint of some kind, and any sort of bandage that comes handy. The splint may be made from the sides of an ordinary card box, or even some straw arranged lengthways and rolled in a handkerchief. Place it so as to give support, and put the bandage round it with a moderate degree of firmness but not tightly. Then start for home.

When an injury to the chest occurs, with a suspicion of fracture of the ribs—or even collar-bone—you cannot be too careful how you lift and bear the sufferer away. Rough handling in such a case may result in the wounding of the lungs by the broken end of a rib, and this will lead on to inflammation, ending mayhap in death even.

Sometimes a fracture of that kind is called impacted, when one piece of bone is wedged or telescoped into another. There is also the longitudinal or splintered fracture and various other kinds, including the green-stick fracture in children, when the bone is partly broken and partly bent.

In fracture there is always some change in the shape of the limb, such as swelling from extravasation of blood in the part, or flatness from a dragging out of place of the surrounding muscles. There is mobility also, differing from the sternly fixed condition of the dislocated joint. Also on moving the parts a grating sound can be heard by your ears, which is caused by the ends of the bones moving against each other.

But the chief duty of the sufferer's friend or friends is to see him carefully and safely borne home, and to send for the surgeon.

Meanwhile, especially in the case of a fracture of the leg or ribs, the bed on which the unfortunate patient has to lie for weeks must be judiciously prepared. This will leave less for the doctor to do and think about and will be beneficial to the sufferer also.

Well, about the bed. Common sense should tell anyone that a feather-bed, for instance, would be out of place. Yes, because it soon sends the fractured limb out of place again, however well set.

A horse-hair mattress over an ordinary one—providing the one beneath be level—is the best, though the manufacture of mattresses has of recent years made great strides for the better, and there may be others that will do as well as horse-hair.

What you have to bear in mind, however, is that the mattress must be tolerably hard and firm, and level above all things.

Probably a cradle will be necessary to support the recumbent weight of the bedclothes.

Bed-clothes should be warm and light, even in winter.

Confidential Correspondents.

GERALDINE.—There are many books on etiquette; any bookseller will procure you one.

A. O.—Young ladies should never give presents to gentlemen unless there is some special reason for it.

MATTIE.—Steep the shells in strong soda, and then wash carefully in acetic or diluted sulphuric acid.

LEIGH.—Palpitation may or may not be dependent on heart disease. It is as often as not of purely nervous origin.

SMITH.—We cannot place estimates upon old coins; when any one wishes to buy he must pay a high price, but when he wants to sell it is a different matter.

MAID.—You can do nothing unless the gentleman wishes for your acquaintance; he will find means to let you know it if he is. 2. The lady should be the first to speak.

B. L. D.—The "Society of the Cincinnati" was founded by officers of the American Revolutionary Army after the peace of 1783. Membership is confined to the eldest male descendant of an original member.

ALLADIN.—Your arum lily only wants re-potting into a large pot, and this should be done at once. They are extremely easy plants to grow, as their two great requirements are plenty of water and plenty of light. An arum is not an annual, but an herbaceous perennial.

CENTURY.—In a "corduroy" road the initial move is thrusting dead trees into the opening, which in turn are to be covered by a layer of dirt, then more trees added followed again by dirt, by which time it is expected the surface will almost have been reached and a good foundation secured.

SNOWDROP.—We should strongly advise you to have nothing to do with any man who is vulgar enough to take you out for walks and pretend to pay attention to you and talks about "his other girl" at the same time. He cannot be worth a thought, and nothing pleasant will ever come of your intercourse.

SPRING.—To renovate and brighten the gilt frames of pictures and mirrors that have become dirty and dingy, simply wash very gently with a small sponge moistened with spirits of wine or oil of turpentine, the sponge only to be sufficiently wet to take off the dirt and fly-marks. The frames should not be wiped afterwards, but left to dry of themselves.

LAY.—To waterproof cord for making fishing lines, put two parts of boiled oil and one part of size, and shake well until they are thoroughly mixed, when they are ready for use. This mixture should be applied to the cord with a piece of flannel; then expose it to the air, and dry. It would be as well after the line has been used once or twice to give it another coating.

VIOLET E. S. C.—Some people have a very peculiar notion of humor. The man had probably taken more beer than was good for him before tea, and he was under the impression that he would delight you with his comic ways. Do not see him again. You could not introduce such a fellow to your friends, for he might suddenly scandalize them by some disgraceful gesture. A buffoon is always an offensive animal; and, from our experience of the races of mankind, we incline to think that a drinking buffoon is the most abominable of his species.

JOHN B.—The lady is quite sensible. Remember that when you are thirty-five she will be forty, and your views may be different from what they are now. By all means work on and improve your position; but remember that your studies will be seriously interrupted, if not entirely stopped by marriage. The lady seems to be cool and rational, and you can hardly do better than follow her counsels. If she were unscrupulous, she might commit you to an improvident marriage, and we think her conduct deserves great praise.

NOTTING.—Teachers require a great deal of sleep; and those who take insufficient rest suffer severely. No work is so exhausting and in your case, after eight hours of steady drudgery, you should seek distraction of any pleasant kind until it is time for you to go to rest. You ought to have at least eight hours of repose daily. It does not much matter if you fail to sleep for a time; the main thing is to get into the habit of resting at regular hours. When one of our best novelists published his twenty-sixth book, he was asked how on earth he contrived to retain his complete freshness. He replied, "I never take less than ten hours in bed." Women do not require so much sleep as men; but still, in the case of a toil-worn teacher, we regard a liberal allowance of rest as the best kind of economy.

PRESTO.—Of course the allusion to St. Patrick as the originator of the "Leap Year privilege" was only intended as a jest. And we do not know but that the following origin, though having an historical basis for its statement, is not of the same character: The ladies' "Leap Year privilege" took its origin in the following manner: By an ancient Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed about the year 1228, it was ordained that, "during the reign of her blessed Majesty — Margaret— every maiden lady of both high and low degree shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes. If he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct in the sum of one hundred pounds or less, as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free." It was a hard time for bachelors.

B. A. H.—It is a very awkward position indeed. You have been intentionally slighted, and the only question is whether or no the slight is worth noticing. If you say to your husband, "You have no right to visit your sister unless I also am invited," you raise at once an issue which may lead to a quarrel. The relatives ignore you, but their conduct has nothing to do with your husband. Your plan is to ignore them—never mention their names, and take not the faintest notice of your husband's visits to them. Whatever happens, it is not worth while at any time to risk a quarrel; and by a little tact and self-sacrifice you may keep all disagreeable topics out of the way. We have known cases in which men actually loathed the relatives of their wives, yet they kept peace in their own households by judicious silence. It would be useless to send you an invitation, for you would refuse it; why then wish to receive that which you would treat with scorn?